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The Disney Imperative

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New Politics
More Mood Than Movement

JACK NEWFIELD

OUT TO GET THE PANTHERS

L. F. PALMER, JR.

David Joravsky on Kremlinology

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LETTERS

ambassador in error

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIRS: The article on Brazil by Dom Bonafede in your May 26 issue ["Blunder in Brazil: Washington Backs the Pooh Bahs"] contains a number of historical errors which call for correction. . . .

The charge that the U.S. armed forces "acted as counsel and banker" to the Brazilian armed forces when they deposed Joao Goulart in 1964 has no foundation whatsoever. As I testified in Senate hearings in 1966, that action was a purely Brazilian affair. We not only did not instigate it but were unaware of a serious movement to that end until a few days before it happened. . . .

I did welcome the revolution when it took place because the speeches and actions of Goulart over the previous nine months, and especially from March 13 through March 30, 1964, made it crystal clear that he was embarked on an effort to establish a Populist dictatorship of his own, in the pattern of his mentor Getúlio Vargas three decades earlier. I did then believe, and still believe, that success by Goulart in his campaign might well have led to a subsequent Communist capture of power, because of Goulart's own weakness. . . .

The charge that I later became a "virtual viceroy" to President Castelo Branco and "was consulted at every turn" is equally unfounded. My relations with Castelo Branco were cordial and friendly, but he consulted me less than President Kennedy consulted David Ormsby-Gore in Washington. Our AID mission and I did indeed consult extensively and frequently with Planning Minister Roberto Campos and Finance Minister Octavio Bulhoes. . . .

The most extraordinary assertion in Mr. Bonafede's article is that the Fifth Institutional Act of December 13, 1968, and the subsequent extremely arbitrary actions of the present regime, were "inevitable." They were no more "inevitable" than the resignation of President Quadros in 1961, the clash between Castelo Branco and Carlos Lacerda, and many other critical events in Brazilian political history. When I wrote hopefully in July 1967 of prospects for constitutional democracy, it was because much evidence then pointed to the taking root of the 1967 constitution . . . with effective guarantees of press freedom and of individual civil liberties. I turned out to be wrong. . . .

The real tragedy, which goes back to late 1964, is that neither Castelo Branco nor President Costa e Silva made use of the opportunity to build a new political infrastructure for Brazilian representative government on a more stable basis than the three increasingly obsolete and irrelevant political parties that dominated the scene from 1946 to 1964. From early 1965 on, I tried, as a friendly outside observer, to make this point with President Castelo Branco and his associates. . . . It is a true measure of how little a "viceroy" I was that these efforts made no headway.

Lincoln Gordon

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: It seems that when on the defensive, Mr. Gordon resorts to the blunderbuss technique of claiming "historical error" on the part of his critics, as he did in response to my article in *The Nation*, and earlier to *The New York Times* editorial to which I made reference.

However, in a glaring oversight he fails to support his charge against the thesis of my article with substantive evidence. In no instance does he even attempt to cite one error of fact. Instead, he makes an impassioned argument in defense of his ambassadorial role during the 1964 Brazilian revolution. Yet he demolishes the appeal with his own words.

As a case in point, he denies being in on the ground

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EDITORIALS

What Price Moondust?

There is cause for genuine admiration, even awe, at what the Apollo program has accomplished. At this writing, the spacecraft is on its way, and there is reasonable expectation that the rest of the trip will be accomplished on schedule. After the tragic failure in January of 1967, American engineering talent took hold, and the most complex machine ever conceived by man has performed almost faultlessly on every test. The courage and self-control of the astronauts is to be applauded; there may even be some unforeseen benefit to mankind in what they bring back from the moon, but even the most unsurprising results will serve to extend human knowledge of the universe.

But knowledge of another type could be gained from the undertaking: knowledge of ourselves. Our national response to the first Sputnik has astonished the world—including, probably, the Russians. Its appearance in the skies on October 4, 1957, triggered U.S. production of adrenalin to a new record. Not Pearl Harbor, nor Sen. Joseph McCarthy's discovery of the Communist conspiracy, had caused the collective American pulse to pound at such a rate. Had a five-pointed Red Star, in place of the moon, been seen in the heavens the following night, our national panic could not have been greater. The event was subsequently alluded to in NASA's public relations pronouncements as a "disaster," creating a "national emergency." Webb's Magical Flying Circus was off the ground from then on.

Had there been no Soviet satellite in 1957, Americans would not by now be reaching for the moon. Our whole space program has been fuelled by the U.S. reaction to the first and subsequent Russian exploits. A predictable, almost Pavlovian reflex has developed; the Russians and the world have learned much, in the process, of what makes us tick. Have we learned as much about ourselves? Over the past twelve years, we have successively been challenged, enraged and spurred into action—and have demonstrated to all our courage, strength, speed, ingenuity and technical skill.

The Russians' role in the lunar rivalry may perhaps have been as reflexively competitive as our own, or it may have been more sophisticated and more subtly motivated. But with Luna 15, which was threatening at the last possible moment to beat us to the moondust strike (at a small fraction of the cost and risk), Pavlov's bell rang once more. The saliva has already started to flow. Mr. Agnew has urged, as a new objective, a landing on Mars. And Thomas O. Paine, who succeeded James Webb as head of NASA, indicates his approval. It was Paine who, after the successful return of the Apollo 8 astronauts, defended NASA's budget by saying that the technology involved would be helpful in "winning" the next war, a comment that somewhat tarnishes the "Space Olympics" image of the moon race, and a further reason for greeting the agency's annual budget demands with more than legislative huzzahs.

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NASA has spent a total of $50 billion since the start, half of which has gone toward the Apollo program. Much has been quite rightly said about the irony of spending billions getting to the moon while the mass of humanity at home lives in a stew of exploding population, poverty and pollution. But all that will be but as a pinprick in our hide, should we seriously decide to strike out for the planets. They are more than a hundred times more remote than the moon in distance, in time, in economic and human cost. The time of decision is here, and the euphoria of the moment—however understandable it may be—must not be allowed to obscure our judgment.

The ABM Debauch

Before much was said about the ABM in the Senate, the public debate was conducted on a fairly high level. It involved technical questions, such as the workability of the proposed system, and questions of foreign policy: would deployment enhance or diminish the chances of reaching an arms-limitation agreement with the Soviet Union? When the issue reached the Senate floor, the usual thing happened—the debate plunged from intellectual responsibility into a political debauch, with the Nixon Administration and the military-industrial complex bidding for the votes of the uncommitted Senators, and some of the latter holding out for the best price they could get in the way of tangible benefits for important interests in their respective states, and the promotion of their own political interests.

It is a natural and perhaps inevitable descent. The technical questions are intricate, and few members of Congress possess the background necessary to differentiate between heuristic arguments and those based on objective engineering analysis. Such matters are alien to their temperaments and remote from their experience. Nor are the majority of Senators and Representatives any more inclined to take a statesmanlike view of the great political questions that the country faces at home and abroad. To a man, they esteem themselves as patriots, but nothing is easier for a politician than to identify his own interests with those of the country—especially when the latter involve the dilemmas posed by 20th-century technology in the service of 19th-century traditions and institutions.

What the ordinary Congressman does understand is power politics, whether in the international arena or in the give-and-take of the legislative process. Getting himself re-elected, and increasing his influence among his colleagues, are the objectives closest to his heart. Thus the story by John Finney in the July 16 *New York Times*, "ABM Debate Is Becoming a Political Struggle for the Votes of 3 or 4 Senators," though it makes depressing reading, does not come as a surprise. Technical, military and diplomatic arguments may play some part, but such issues as oil drilling in Alaska, a nuclear rocket for New Mexico, a supersonic transport for the state of Washington, a Naval shipyard in Maine, become the preoccupying considerations. And so do promises and pressures known

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SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will not appear on the following dates: July 21, August 4, August 18.

only to those concerned. Finney puts it as a "common presumption" that Sen. John G. Tower of Texas, the chairman of the Senate Republican Campaign Committee, was instrumental in shifting the vote of Sen. Winston L. Prouty, Vermont Republican, into the pro-ABM column, when it had been widely expected that he would line up with his senior colleague, Sen. George D. Aiken, one of the ABM's principal opponents.

Or take the case of a New Englander on the other side of the aisle, Sen. Thomas J. McIntyre of New Hampshire, who at this writing is one of the uncommitted. He is the author of a proposed compromise plan under which radar and computers, but not missiles, would be installed at the initial two Safeguard sites. This is a one-sided compromise: one can be pretty sure that the missiles would follow, but since the Administration is obdurate on passage of the complete system, the partial installation satisfies no one and the amendment is expected to lose. Senator McIntyre's inclinations are believed to be against deployment, but he has his worries. One is the pro-ABM *Manchester Union Leader*, the largest (and most venomous) newspaper in New Hampshire. Then Mr. McIntyre is understandably reluctant to lock horns with Sen. John C. Stennis, who is chairman of the Armed Services Committee, of which Mr. McIntyre is a junior member. Nor can he afford to antagonize the Defense Department, which wants to close the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard.

Yet the vote on the ABM is expected to be close and, as Mr. Aiken pointed out, if the Administration prevails it might be a Pyrrhic victory, since the opposition will have shown formidable strength. As always, Sen. John Sherman Cooper has been a leader on the side of reason. Such men are not invited to the White House and subjected to the Presidential blandishments; it would be a waste of time all around. Frank Church of Idaho is another of this stalwart band. The ABM controversy elicited from Church a brilliant speech on foreign policy which was released July 11 and seems to have produced hardly a ripple of interest in the press.

Mr. Church points out that regardless of the outcome of the ABM debate, our military budget will not shrink significantly as long as our foreign commitments remain at the present level and there is no determined opposition to a policy abroad that rests upon the premise that we must be ever ready not only to repel an attack but to engage in as many as three foreign wars simultaneously. "If we can but liberate ourselves from ideological obsession," Church says, "from the automatic association of social revolution with communism and of communism with Soviet or Chinese power, we may find it possible to discriminate among disorders in the world and to evaluate them with greater objectivity, which is to say, more on the basis of their own content and less on the basis of our own fears." Such observations serve to remind us that the degradation of politics is by no means universal and that men of intellect and enlightened judgment do manage to get into Congress—and sometimes to stay there.

The Indicted Diplomat

David Dellinger has organized numerous demonstrations against the Vietnamese War and is under indictment in Chicago on charges arising out of the clashes during the Democratic National Convention last August. More recently he has been functioning as the American negotiator for the release of three U.S. fliers, offered by the North Vietnamese (not without ulterior motives) to assist in the celebration of the American Independence Day. In these negotiations Mr. Dellinger is in effect representing the State Department, which made it clear to the U.S. Attorney in Chicago and the federal judge having jurisdiction that the travel restrictions imposed by the indictment should be lifted to enable Dellinger to fly to Paris.

On July 8 the State Department confirmed that Dellinger had arrived in Paris to confer with North Vietnamese officials about the release of the prisoners. Dellinger returned to the United States on July 12 and told reporters at Kennedy International Airport that a team of negotiators, of the same persuasion as himself, would leave shortly for North Vietnam to bring the men back. He added that he had assurances that the U.S. Army would not "intercept" the released prisoners after they left Hanoi (see "The Petty Route Home" by Howard Zinn, *The Nation*, April 1, 1968) and that the arrangements precluded their assignment to further war activities against North Vietnam.

Of course Mr. Dellinger did not act *officially* on behalf of the U.S. Government. He went to Paris in his capacity as chairman of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam. The North Vietnamese had requested that a delegation representing the American peace movement be sent to arrange for the repatriation of the prisoners. The State Department had no choice but to comply or leave itself open to the accusation that it had refused to cooperate in the freeing of the men. Thus it came about that an arch-peacenik was empowered to conduct the talks instead of Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, who is not having conspicuous success in the broader task of negotiating an end to the war.

These odd, though not unprecedented, negotiations throw still another revealing light on the political schizophrenia of the Nixon Administration. A few days before Mr. Dellinger flew to Paris, our fatuous Vice President rebuked U.S. critics of the Vietnamese War for allegedly "undermining our negotiations for peace and prolonging the war." It is not enough that those who warned successive administrations against the course that led us into the quagmire should be ignored—now it is *they* who are prolonging the war! Yet in the Dellinger matter it is most unlikely that the State Department acted without Presiden-

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tial approval. If so, one of the principal peace activists was assigned by the Nixon Administration to a mission that could not be handled effectively in any other way. Evidently these people have their uses. And where does that leave Mr. Agnew?

'Security' in HEW

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare clings to a security system so redolent of the Joe McCarthy era that it sometimes bars from its consultative committees scientists who are serving the Department of Defense in the same capacity. An investigation conducted under the direction of Bryce Nelson and reported in the June 27 issue of *Science* implies that HEW is perhaps the most hagridden of the Executive departments—and with the least excuse. The magazine found that several professors who were serving on high-level Defense Department or National Science Foundation advisory panels were not "clearable" by HEW.

That such HEW organizations as the National Institutes of Health or the National Institute of Mental Health should be so afflicted, and should continue to spread their contagions among the country's physicians, psychologists and life scientists, is surely a matter warranting the early attention of Secretary Robert Finch himself. What he says—and more, what he does—will go far toward enabling the scientific community to gauge his ultimate stand in the political conflicts raging within the Nixon Administration, and to make their organizational and personal decisions accordingly.

While HEW has some 100,000 staff employees, *Science* was not concerned with these. Its investigation was limited to the advisory groups, which draw on outside scientists for counsel. These groups are largely composed of scientists not employed by the government. They are customarily recruited for a few days a year at a fee of, usually, $50 a day plus expenses, practically always on nonsensitive, nonsecurity matters. Why such people should be so rigidly screened is understandable only on the hypothesis that since it is not a defense agency, HEW is so harried by fear of Congressional budget cuts, in reprisal for refusal to continue zealous engagement in the witch hunt, that it will do almost anything to avoid suspicion.

But this defensive posture entails two consequences which should concern Secretary Finch and his top subordinates. One is that debarments on "security" or "suitability" grounds may deprive the department of assistance from the men best qualified. The other effect concerns the scientists themselves. "If you haven't been asked to be on one of these groups," one scientist noted, "it looks as if you haven't made it in your field."

When questioned by *Science,* Secretary Finch said that he was "looking into" the matter of security and suitability checks for HEW advisory groups. But he must do more than look; if he does not act, inertia will continue to rule in the lower reaches of the bureaucracy. One HEW official remarked: "Most officials take the course of least resistance; we don't have enough people with guts in government." A former head of the National Institute of Mental Health feels that many people in government "run scared" all the time. They are afraid that if they protest the security system, the security people may start to wonder about them.

"Of course," *Science* concludes, "with some display of interest from Secretary Finch or from the White House, the whole system of security checks for part-time advisers in nonsensitive areas could be thoroughly reviewed and revised." If this were done at the initiative of the present occupant of the White House, it would be something of a miracle, but perhaps Mr. Finch can steer one of Mr. Nixon's zigzags in the right direction.

The Loss of Mboya

A few weeks after the murder of Tom Mboya on a street in Nairobi, world opinion seems to be gravitating to the opinion that the deed was a political assassination brought about by strains within Kenya. It is known that Mboya himself, who two years ago was fired upon by a sentry (officially declared deranged) stationed to guard his house, believed that developments in Kenya increased his personal danger. According to *The New York Times,* on his last trip to America he told friends here that the general elections planned by President Kenyatta for later in the year would inevitably call upon him, as secretary general of the President's party, to play a leading role, and that his enemies would be spurred to silence him. And on a plane returning to Africa, he wrote to one of these friends, saying that he had determined to hire the bodyguard his American wellwishers had been urging on him.

One thing that his foes held against him was that Mboya liked and was able to communicate with Americans. And another thing was that he had moved out of the tribal context that still thwarts African development in all the new states south of the Sahara, and stood as a leader of his nation. As the *New Statesman* remarked recently, the fact that he had no tribal base was at once his greatest political weakness and his greatest potential contribution to Kenya. Mboya rose to prominence in a highly contemporary manner: his support from the start came from the detribalized workers and unemployed of the cities, Nairobi and Mombasa, and he acted for them as a modern trade union politician, "educating them," the *New Statesman* continues, "in nationalist politics."

Tribalism is a sentiment of great emotional power—indeed emotion is the essence of its power—and Mboya may well have spurned it at the cost of his life. Whether or not that was the reason, and whether or not we ever know the reason, it is clear that Kenya, as well as the rest of Africa and indeed the international community, has suffered a loss it cannot easily overcome. Mboya was probably admired more widely than he was beloved—he never minced words over what he saw as the problems ahead, and he never tailored his words to the expectations of his audience. He wrote recently in *The New York Times Magazine* that whereas there were many similarities between the African and black American struggles for polit-

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ical and economic freedom, black Americans should not hope to find an escape for the problems still confronting them in any "back to Africa" movement, in fact or in spirit. He was a very modern man, of whom Africa has too few; and he was a very straightforward political leader, of whom the world has too few.

More Fat for the Germans

In an innocuous story (buried on the back pages of most local newspapers), the Associated Press recently indicated that West Germany would "cover" about 80 per cent of the cost of maintaining U.S. forces in Germany for the next two years, leaving but a minimal drain on the U.S. balance of payments. As its part of the bargain, West Germany will buy about $295 million in U.S. goods and services (presumably instruments of war). The agreement further provides that Bonn will lend the United States an additional $760 million per year.

And is this supposed to reimburse the American taxpayers for money spent on military forces in Germany? We spend billions in Germany on military installations, and the Germans kindly agree to lend us funds! Meanwhile the German economy becomes stronger, and the German mark among the strongest currencies in the world.

By continuing this wasteful policy, the American Government adds to the German coffers while raising taxes at home. Worst of all, borrowing abroad in order to spend abroad stimulates inflation, and Americans will pay doubly for this government folly.

The Resistance

For a long time, almost the only effective Congressional opposition to the Vietnamese War was furnished by Senators Gruening and Morse, who simply refused to approve the money. Deaf to the argument that they were letting the "boys" down, they voted "no" on the appropriation bills. They knew how fraudulent that argument was. There is always enough material in the pipe line to support combat activities, whether defensive or offensive, for an indefinite period.

Now that Gruening and Morse, to the country's loss, are no longer in the Senate, others have adopted their courageous tactic, and in far greater numbers. On July 9, forty-nine Representatives voted against the Supplemental Appropriation bill, which not only contained funds for Vietnam but increased the amount. These forty-nine cast negative votes, despite the fact that the bill provided funds for domestic purposes to which they had no objection.

The overriding objective was to show disapproval of the war in the most emphatic terms available to a member of Congress. The best people in the House are on that roll of honor: Brown, Burton and Edwards of California, Mrs. Chisholm, Conyers, Diggs, Farbstein, Kastenmeier, Ottinger, Podell, Rosenthal, Ryan, Saylor, Scheuer among them. One may hope they will be joined by a still greater number who will vote against *any* appropriations for the prosecution of the war, regardless of other purposes that may be served, and will explain to their constituents why they are doing so.

NEW POLITICS

More Mood Than Movement

JACK NEWFIELD
Mr. Newfield is an assistant editor of The Village Voice, *New York. He is the author of* A Prophetic Minority *(New Amsterdam Library) and* Robert Kennedy: A Memoir *(Dutton).*

> The new technology or the new politics—call it what you will—has arrived.
>
> —James M. Perry, *The New Politics*

The New Politics is becoming a huckster's phrase, invoked by plastic politicians, to con what they think is a gullible electorate. It is as much a cliché as the New Journalism or the New Theatre. It has become like Silly Putty, bent and twisted into dozens of distorted and unnatural shapes by careerists trying to redefine it to their particular advantage.

Jacob Javits, who campaigned last autumn for Richard Nixon, proclaims himself a partisan of the New Politics because "it means problem solving." Theodore Sorensen, who tried to convince Robert Kennedy not to speak out against the war in Vietnam, says he is for it because it "means participation, like giving 18-year-olds the vote." Organization men like Jesse Unruh and Stanley Steingut claim to be part of the New Politics. James Perry and Penn Kimball have written whole books defining the New Politics exclusively in terms of manipulative technology, computers and mass communications. Hubert Humphrey and Fred Harris say they are "for" the New Politics. But then Albert Shanker *says* he is for decentralization and Mayor Richard Daley *says* he is for civil liberties. It all makes one recall George Orwell's prophetic quote:

"In our time, political speech and writings are largely the defense of the indefensible. . . . Political language has come to consist largely of euphemism, question-begging and sheer cloudy vagueness. . . . The inflated style is itself a kind of euphemism. A mass of Latin words falls upon the facts like soft snow, blurring the outlines and covering up all the details."

The sociologist Daniel Boorstin has written perceptively

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about "pseudo events" and "pseudo personalities," but the New Politics just might be the first pseudo movement. It has no program, no money, no leadership, no power, a weak national organization and almost nothing for its citizen supporters to do. An Albany meeting of the cannibalistic New York group in May broke up in petty bickering. Candidates running in the name of the New Politics —Tom Bradley, Henry Helstoski and Herman Badillo— all lost important elections within the last month. Instead of an issues convention, the New Democratic Coalition (NDC) spent its energies last spring organizing a fund-raising dinner in Washington.

At this point, the New Politics is still more mood than movement, more desire than reality, more label than program. I hope in this exploratory and fraternal article to suggest a few reasons why the New Politics groups have been ineffective, and why, since the Chicago convention, they have lost the political initiative to the Nixon Administration, and to the old politics, machine Democrats, corporate managers, union bureaucrats and senior Southern Congressmen.

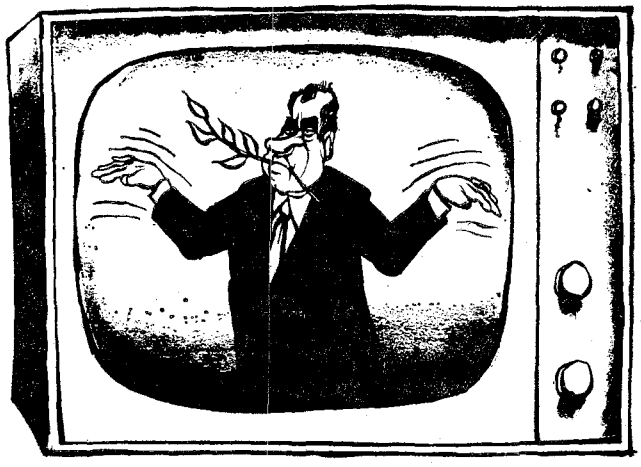
One reason is that most of the organizational leaders of the New Politics seem wedded to the notion that incremental change should come exclusively through electoral politics. They have geared their state groupings toward the 1970 elections, and are already preoccupied with the personalities of 1972. At their conferences they talk at length about taking over irrelevant, hollow shells like the Young Democrats and the Democratic National Committee. This parochial electoral vision has tended to flood the local organizations with anal technicians and power-tripping hustlers, while turning off the younger activists, who prize ideas and confrontations more than candidates and campaigns.

Up to now, the orators of the New Politics have sounded much too optimistic and impatient. They recall 1968 in shades of victory, and see the Democratic convention of 1972 as a final vision of Armageddon. They are not mentally preparing for a movement that will span a decade or more of hard work in local communities. They have a furtive eye fixed on a short cut. And they see the Democratic Party as the only possible vehicle for reform, even though it was the Democratic Party that involved us in fighting the Vietnamese, ruined the poverty program and sanctioned the police violence during the Democratic convention.

Although I shall speak here primarily of cooperation with grass-roots movements to the left of the Democrats, I also believe that an excessive preoccupation with the Democratic Party is causing the New Politics to ignore the progressive wing of the Republican Party: the Ripon Society, Senators Goodell, Aiken and Percy and Mayor Lindsay.

The Democratic Party still houses the worst institutionalized elements in our national politics: the Meany-Lovestone-CIA complex; the Dixiecrats, the missile contractors and the Mafia. We should try to think of the New Politics as historically ten minutes old, and still view the idea of a new political party, including Ripon Republicans, as an open option. The endless talk of "capturing" the Democratic Party is both elitist and delusional. And much harder than folks think.

This narrow electoral bias seems based on a bad misreading of the history of this decade in America. Since the sit-ins of 1960, history has been pushed forward by insurgent movements rather than by political candidates. The black movement, the student movement, the anti-war movement and the dump LBJ movement should be the models of a new participatory politics. These were—and are—long-term, issue-oriented movements, on the margins of parliamentary politics, that engage thousands of



Horst: The Express; Cologne, Germany

ordinary citizens. At the necessary moment these movements invented their own leader—Eugene McCarthy—and entered the electoral process. By emphasizing infighting over nominations and positions within the Democratic Party now, the New Politics groups are cutting themselves off from the generators of energy and imagination on the campuses and in the ghettos. If the New Politics becomes a broad enough movement, it will once more have the power to create its own leaders at the right time.

The electoral strategy also neglects two of the most significant lessons to be extracted from the events of 1968. One is that *the basic institutions of liberal politics —the unions, the convention system, the mass media and the Democratic Party itself—are undemocratic.* Only by exposing and reforming these institutions—and by building alternatives to them—can citizen politics be made to work. One must remember that Vice President Humphrey lost every primary where his name was on the ballot, and was still nominated because of the power of three men—Mayor Daley, Governor Connally and George Meany. And the convention adopted a hawkish Vietnam plank, even though the policy had been repudiated by 80 per cent of the primary voters.

The other lesson of 1968 is that you can no longer base

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mass movements on charismatic heroes in this country, because those heroes get assassinated. Any American insurgent movement must be anchored on participation and commitment in order to survive the gunmen.

The New Politics will have to root itself in issues that move masses of people: an end to the endless war in Vietnam, a drastic reduction in military spending; community control, citizen participation, and opposition to the general over-centralization of American life; reform of the draft; democratization of the rules and structures of the Democratic Party; a guaranteed annual income, socialized medicine and the closing of tax loopholes for corporations and the very rich. And possibly most urgently, it must devise a program that addresses the legitimate needs and frustrations of the powerless white working class. Robert Kennedy won the votes of the steelworkers, farmers and cops in Indiana, Nebraska and California, and they can be won again by men who speak in plain Populist language against remote experts and bureaucracy; against big business and the war; and against the casual hypocrisy of programmed politicians.

This should be the agenda of a New Politics, not the small maneuvers for small positions within the existing Democratic hierarchy.

Another shortcoming of the New Politics has been its inability to win the trust—or even the curiosity—of the high school and college activists, a group of about 3 million. I don't mean to suggest that this is an easy thing to do these days. The young today quite properly believe in no adult authority in the country. With Dylan they sing, "I've got nothin', ma, to live up to." But if there is any New Politics, in the sense of ideas and constituency, it is the radical, activist students, from McCarthy volunteers to draft resisters. They are the one authentically new element in the body politic of the country since the union movement of the 1930s.

No current national political leader now expresses the feelings or demands of the students. Worse, none even adequately defends them against the swelling backlash of repression. Yet, they all covet the students as volunteers in their future campaigns to climb the greasy pole.

Rep. Edith Green, who was Robert Kennedy's Oregon campaign manager, is emerging as the major draftsman of the vicious new anti-student bill in the House Committee on Education and Labor. Eugene McCarthy, the man for one inning, refused to testify on behalf of his own delegates when they were on trial in Chicago last spring. Theodore Sorensen tells the National Book Association that the enemy is equally Herbert Marcuse and Ronald Reagan, neglecting to mention John Mitchell, Melvin Laird and Richard Nixon, who hold actual raw power, but whose names lack the safe symmetry of the two cited. No Senator as yet has called illegal the indictments of the eight New Left leaders in Chicago, or dared suggest that Mayor Daley should have been indicted instead, if the grand jury had only read the Walker Report. What Senator has spoken out against the systematic roundups of Black Panthers, or the Congressional probe into SDS? There is a new McCarthyism in the land, and the New Politics has hardly noticed it, much less fought back.

One thing the liberal politicians can do is understand the cultural root of the generational alienation. The kids hate the environment most of them grew up in—impersonal split-level suburbs, homogenized religion, dull 9-to-5 jobs, sex by the marriage manuals, a mass media that promotes banality and suppresses the Smothers Brothers. The young just can't live in that world.

They are in revolt against the most traditional values of the middle class—God, money, status and the family. One small way in which the New Politics can begin to relate to these kids would be to develop a cultural analysis of America that takes the adversary culture of the young seriously.

To summarize: the New Politics seems too committed to the Democratic Party as the one historical agency of renewal. It seems too remote from the para-political movements at the base of the society: blacks, students, the poor, women. It has not begun to raise the idea of redistribution of wealth and income. It is white and elite.

The New Politics should be more activist, more radically concerned with institutions, more concerned with cultural issues, more like a social movement than a political campaign. For example, it should now be leading the opposition to the war in Vietnam, organizing a new March on Washington, or perhaps a national strike. It should lend its support to the basic demands of the campus

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movements, and not contribute further to the paranoid backlash against the young. It should try to strike alliances with low-income whites on issues of economic self-interest, possibly through the new Alliance for Labor Action. It should be able to grasp the enormity of the present crisis, and realize that the business-as-usual ritual of making good speeches and nominating assemblymen is insufficient as long as 350 Americans are dying each week in Vietnam.

Right now the New Politics hardly exists, except as a simplistic slogan easily appropriated by hacks and hucksters. What we do have, out of the ashes of 1968, are some *excellent new politicians*: Sam Brown, Adam Walinsky, Paul Schrade, Don Peterson, Julian Bond, Channing Phillips, Representatives Chisholm, Koch and Lowenstein. But we do not yet begin to have a *new politics* that can generate a new majority for radical reform. I will end by quoting the candid and passionate speech Adam Walinsky delivered to the founding meeting of the National Democratic Coalition in Minneapolis last October:

> We are a rump faction of a party which is sliding—indeed, rolling—into an abyss of ruin.
>
> It would be easy and comforting to attribute this failure to the sins of Humphrey, Richard Daley, or John Connally, to a killer five years ago or a killer more recent. It would be easy—and it would be self-deluding and self-defeating and wildly, catastrophically wrong. . . .
>
> These men, the current villains in the liberal demonology, have played their full part in these events . . . [*but*] there is no hope for this coalition, no hope for a regeneration of our politics, unless we are prepared to learn from the errors and illusions that have brought us to our present pass; not the errors of others, though they have been more than plentiful, but our own. It is time to face our truth. . . .
>
> This is not only a matter of the war in Vietnam—where we promised peace in 1964 and then stood silent for too long as that pledge was broken and our Administration went to war. It is a matter, sadly, of almost all the great social legislation of the last four years.
>
> We promised education—but our education programs have not taught the children. We promised new cities—but our housing programs have gone far toward destroying the ones we have. We promised health—and our vaunted medicare program has shot the cost of medical care up while doing little or nothing to improve the quality of care for which we now pay so much. We promised help to the farm—and nearly eliminated the farmer.
>
> We promised blacks that patience would bring justice. We promised whites that justice would bring order. We have achieved neither. We promised and promised, passed laws and appropriation bills, taxed and spent. And when it was all over, who is there to say that life is truly better than it was before?

LATIN AMERICA

Challenge from the Intellectuals

MANUEL MALDONADO-DENIS

Mr. Maldonado-Denis is associate professor of political sciences at the University of Puerto Rico (Río Piedras). His book Puerto Rico: una interpretación histórico-social *will be published shortly by Editorial Siglo XXI (Mexico). He has just returned from a trip to South America on a Guggenheim grant that was given him to study the role and position of intellectuals in 20th-century Latin American society.*

Analyzing recently the realistic possibilities for revolution in the United States, Barrington Moore, Jr., mentions as one of the preconditions for such change "the desertion of the intellectuals" from the existing institutions, that is, their "challenge to the prevailing modes of thought and to the whole perception of the possible causes of and remedies for human suffering." Despite its enormous complexity, and notwithstanding the differences in attitudes and ideologies that divide intellectual opinion in Latin American society, it can be said that this situation defined by Professor Moore now prevails in the southern part of this hemisphere. If the "desertion of the intellectuals" is the signal that a society is ripe for revolutionary change, then Latin American society is on the brink.

In a continent where only 0.5 per cent of the population reaches college and where enormous masses can neither read nor write, most members of the intelligentsia spring from the middle- or upper-middle class. With the single exception of Cuba under Castro, formal education in Latin America is still the privilege of the very few. The fact that the majority of intellectuals have deserted their class and identified with the radical forces vying for revolutionary change goes far to explain why communication between North and South—between the haves and the have nots—turns out to be so difficult. It is illusory to speak of North America being "misunderstood" by its poorer counterpart. On the contrary, I believe that Latin American intellectual opinion understands only too well the true character of U.S.-Latin American relations.

The increasing tempo of radicalization, of the intellectual's alienation from his traditional society, expresses itself in a general mood of despair and protest, of impatience with and contempt for old political formulas echoed by a generation that failed to carry through its promises for a more just society. The United States is in turn made responsible for the ever increasing gap between the underdeveloped South and the overdeveloped North, for its policy of supporting reactionary regimes and for its consistent espousal of John Foster Dulles' famous dictum: "The United States has no friends; it has only interests." The attitude cannot be dismissed

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as traditional Latin hostility toward the "Yanqui." The facts marshaled by Chile's Chancellor Gabriel Valdés —who can scarcely be called a radical—in order to explain to President Nixon how Latin America is actually financing United States economic development, show to what extent the hard facts of exploitation are voiced even by those who have in the past supported North America's imperial role in the hemisphere.

Insofar as the mass media are in the hands of the traditional ruling classes, this mood of alienation, and the radicalization it engenders, are played down, dismissed as the expression of "a small minority of extremists." Reading the local press in Latin America is one of the most unrewarding and misleading of experiences. And yet this press reflects in a way the gap that exists between the traditional elites and the new generation of intellectuals that has matured in the last two decades. This is the generation of writers and artists who witnessed the moral and intellectual bankruptcy of their teachers and of the political movements that promised a true revolution but once again delivered the *status quo*.

This new intellectual Left in Latin America seeks to do away, on the one hand, with the rigidity and dogmatism of the traditional Left; and on the other attempts to achieve a truly radical critique of Latin American society. In this sense, support for the Cuban Revolution sets those intellectuals who are truly in favor of a revolutionary change apart from the others who are willing to compromise with the impartial role of the United States.

Cuba has been for Latin American intellectuals what Spain was for European intellectuals during the Civil War or what Vietnam is today for American intellectuals. Before Castro there was at least an element of unity among intellectuals of different ideological persuasions in their common fight against dictatorships. The Cuban Revolution, by raising the expectations for revolutionary change throughout Latin America, helped to unleash the forces of Latin American reaction and to bring to the forefront the role of the United States as world policeman for capitalism. This in turn led to a polarization of intellectual opinion for and against the United States and, of course, for and against Cuba. Santo Domingo and now Peru have enforced this trend.

It is true that there is a great fragmentation within the Latin American Left, the divisions occurring mainly over differences as to strategy and tactics. But one thing serves as a common denominator for all leftist movements: the radical opposition to American imperialism in all its many aspects. The new breed of intellectuals in Latin America are thus united not so much by what they like as by what they detest. And their detestation of American hegemony in the hemisphere is too apparent for even an ostrich to ignore.

The restrictive, and at times insulting, policies of the U.S. State Department in the granting of visas to writers and artists from Latin America hardly improves the atmosphere of mutual understanding. Not long ago Carlos Fuentes was forbidden to disembark in Puerto Rico for only a few hours by U.S. Immigration authorities, who treated him—in his own words—"as a common criminal." Something similar happened to the Colombian writer, Gabriel García Márquez, on a stopover at San Juan on his way to Madrid last year. The harassment and insolence of the procedures for the granting of visas is best illustrated by the following example. Dr. Germán Carrera Damas, Chairman of the School of History at the Central University of Venezuela, was invited by the Dean of the College of Social Sciences of the University of Puerto Rico to deliver a series of lectures. He applied for a visa. The United States Embassy in Caracas said they were willing to grant it, but for one week only. And would he be so kind as to tell them exactly when he was leaving and where he was staying while at Puerto Rico. The reason: they had to report to the FBI. In the case of a Chilean sociologist I met, the situation was even more insulting: he would be granted a visa to enter the United States but would have to report every other day to Immigration authorities. And when Carlos Fuentes was allowed to enter the United States some years ago for five days (he was attending a film festival) he was ordered to restrict himself to Manhattan Island. Needless to say many in-

Vadillo—Siempre, Mexico

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tellectuals I met refuse to be so humiliated. As a result—and with a few exceptions—the majority of writers and artists who do get visas are those who will tell the American public what Washington wants it to hear—not what it *should* hear.

While this process takes place, the other side of the coin is that North Americans of the sort whom Mary McCarthy has dubbed "the paramilitary intellectuals" can roam at will over the Southern continent in pursuit of their research projects. Only when a major scandal occurs, as in the case of Project Camelot in Chile, do some governments take measures against the very real possibility of sociological espionage. Nevertheless the seeds of distrust are deeply planted. The Latin American radical intellectual is as wary of American intellectual "advisers" as his political counterpart should be of the military "advisers." At least in the field of social research, Projects Camelot and Simpático have seriously impeded the pursuit of research projects financed by American institutions in many Latin American universities. In fact, the faint smell of American money behind a research project today dooms it at its inception.

This distrust extends even farther into the literary and artistic fields. The fate of the literary journal *Mundo Nuevo*, edited originally in Paris and now in Argentina, illustrates further the extent of intellectual polarization. Founded originally under the auspices of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, *Mundo Nuevo* was meant to be the successor of the much discredited *Cuadernos* of Paris. Emir Rodríguez Monegal, a man of talent as a literary critic and with a somewhat leftist background (he had been a regular contributor to the Uruguayan weekly, *Marcha*) was chosen as the editor of the new journal. In his appeal to writers over all of Latin America, he promised to open the journal to every shade of opinion. At this point, several things happened. The Congress for Cultural Freedom was publicly exposed as a CIA conduit. The Cuban intellectuals and *Marcha* denounced *Mundo Nuevo* as an intellectual front for United States interests and as an enemy of the Cuban Revolution. (Some leftist writers, among them Carlos Fuentes, took a different position and decided to collaborate with the new journal; they were, however, the exception to the rule.) The very fact that it was financed by an American institution (in this case the Ford Foundation) made it suspect to many writers and artists in Latin America. With the resignation of Rodríguez Monegal, *Mundo Nuevo* has relapsed into the anti-Communist gimmicks of its predecessor, *Cuadernos*. It is now practically buried in Buenos Aires, a fitting symbol of the difficulties standing in the way of a true dialogue between those who defend and those who oppose American imperial power.

But perhaps even worse than the distrust bred by American efforts to carry out both military and intellectual counterinsurgency in Latin America, is the mutual ignorance as to the true nature of the respective societies, an ignorance that can hardly be remedied by improvised "crash programs" or by such public relations gimmicks as the Rockefeller mission.

The new "discovery" of a continent heretofore neglected has focused the attention of American scholars and students upon its institutions and its historical and social development. But the tendency to judge economic and social development by the standards of American liberal democracy (even the best of it) dooms many visitors from the North to a repetition of the platitudes about a system that hardly works in the United States itself. With few exceptions they end up by telling the Latin Americans what they ought to do, thus provoking the inevitable angry response.

The new generation of Latin American intellectuals —represented by such spokesmen as Mario Vargas Llosa and Gabriel Márquez—is in no mood to listen to the weary rhetoric of American liberals who come down to Latin America in order to preach the virtues of "liberal democracy." The most influential current among Latin American intellectuals is well to the left, not only of New Deal liberals but of their counterparts in the South: "the Democratic Left." It is to Cuba, not to colonial Puerto Rico that they look for an example of revolutionary change. They admire, not Kennedy or Betancourt but Fidel Castro and Che Guevara.

(Perhaps no one illustrates this radicalization of Latin America's intellectuals better than Juan Bosch. Originally a member of the "Democratic Left," Bosch has become increasingly radical since the American intervention in Santo Domingo. He now speaks against imperialism—which he calls "Pentagonism"—and in favor of a "dictatorship with popular support." Completely disillusioned with representative government, Bosch has turned increasingly away from his former anti-Communist stand. His own party, the Partido Revolucionario Dominicano, has undergone a similar metamorphosis.)

The death in action as a guerrilla fighter of the Colombian priest Camilo Torres (see review by Robert F. Smith, *The Nation*, June 30) has served as a spur for the emergence of the "Christian Left" in the Southern hemisphere. The Catholic Church itself—one of the strongest agencies of conservatism in Latin Ameria—is being shaken by the increasing radicalization of the young clergy. In Chile a new political party has emerged as an offshoot from the ruling Christian Democratic Party. Led by the prominent economist, Jacques Chonchol (who is to be its secretary general), the Movimiento de Acción Popular Unitaria (MAPU) considers the Christian Democratic "Establishment" too conservative. Its leaders propose more radical solutions to Chile's problems and are willing to try an "opening to the left," including a common front with Communists and Socialists if necessary. A similar process—although on a smaller scale—is taking place among some sectors of the Christian youth in Venezuela.

American support for the military regimes in Brazil and Argentina, noted for their ruthless persecution of intellectuals; the war in Vietnam; the Marines in Santo Domingo; the blockade and continued aggression against Cuba; the black and student revolt within the United

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States itself, all these events merely reinforce the attitudes described above. And the parallel hopelessness of underdevelopment, illiteracy and exploitation that seem to be the lot of a continent literally plundered by its ruling class and by American interests helps to explain the belief among intellectuals that revolutionary change is inevitable.

Whether this change will come about now or in the near future is difficult to tell. The trend right now is running contrary to intellectual opinion. The swing seems to be toward the right, toward military dictatorships, interference with universities and widespread repression. The United States is not going to reverse this swing. On the contrary, it is more likely to give it an additional push —particularly if things get out of hand, as they did in Santo Domingo. This can only add to the polarization and contribute to a still more marked alienation of Latin American intellectuals. And to their radicalization.

THE DISNEY IMPERATIVE

WESLEY MARX
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Santa Ana, Calif.

Recently, a newspaper headline proclaimed that a "game preserve" would be set aside near my home in Southern California. My heart jumped. For many months, I have belonged to a citizens' group that seeks to protect Southern California's last remaining natural bay, Upper Newport Bay, from being compressed into a boat storage area for luxury waterfront residences. This life-giving estuary lies near my home; I dared to envision a bay sanctuary for blue herons, scallops, young halibut and red-berried California toyon trees. However, the game preserve turned out to be a commercial zoo spectacle called Lion Country Safari. It is being sponsored by the same developer who, with the sympathy of public authorities, makes a paying proposition of the bay. If my faith in land developers is justified, a game preserve called Grizzly Bear Rodeo is rising in a jungle clearing somewhere in South Africa.

This curious expression of conservation confirms my suspicions about the increasing persuasiveness of a trend I call the Disney Imperative. It is the compulsion to create artificial environments in place of natural environments. Fantasy thus becomes reality, i.e., Lion Country Safari in Orange County, Calif., and residential marinas atop life-giving estuaries. It is a trend particularly attractive to developers on the make as well as to impetuous architects, and it promises to play more hell with the cause of conservation and environmental quality than the fixations of dam builders and lumber harvesters.

I don't want to hold the late Walt Disney responsible for all the aberrations of the Disney Imperative. However, Disney was instrumental in setting a pretty high standard to inspire disciples for many years to come. I don't have Disneyland in mind. That Magic Kingdom in Anaheim was a dress rehearsal, an entertainment if you will, for the precedent-setting application of the Disney Imperative at a place called Mineral King. If you haven't heard of Mineral King, that's to be expected, because, in terms of the Disney Imperative, Mineral King doesn't yet exist—it is still natural. Mineral King is a glacial valley set in California sequoia country. It contains twenty lakes, numerous cascades, incense cedar and bold rock outcroppings. It lies in the Sequoia National Forest, right next door to Sequoia National Park, which gives you some idea of just how unreal it is.

In Disney's later years, Walt Disney Productions submitted a master plan for Mineral King to the Forest Service. "Disney stressed that his master plan is based on the need to preserve Mineral King's natural beauty," declared a Disney press release. That certainly is a laudable objective. This alpine valley is rather rare, being part of the last remaining 2 per cent of land in the United States in the "wild" category. Ostensibly, the spirit of Smokey the Bear, not Donald Duck, would reign. Yet the means of preservation seem odd, to say the least. Forested hills are to be stripped to make way for ski slopes serviced by fourteen lifts. Mountain peaks will be topped with restaurants. The valley floor will provide space for a conference center, two hotels, a cafeteria, a skating rink, a chapel, convenience shops and a heliport. For some reason, this sounds more like a plush ski resort than natural beauty preserved. Just where does preservation come in? In response, the press release declares that Walt Disney Productions "would preserve the area's natural character by camouflaging ski lifts, situating the village so that it will not be seen from the valley entrance, and putting service areas in a 60,000-square-foot underground facility beneath the village." Remember the alpine trees and the bold rock outcroppings? "Stout columns of timber and concrete set with stones brought up from a nearby quarry will establish the American-Alpine style," declares Disney Productions.

"Preservation" thus becomes an outdoor type of interior decoration to provide a contrived environment. The bulldozers become sculptors' chisels, the road graders become paint brushes, and the chain saws on the tree slopes become magic wands. Nothing cheap like colored snow or litter baskets in the shape of tree stumps. Wilderness is not being desecrated; it is just being out-charmed. The result is a Swiss ski resort 55 miles from Visalia, Calif., a Disneyland with guts. "When I first saw Mineral King more than five years ago," Disney recalled for reporters, "I thought it was one of the most beautiful places in the world, and we want to keep it that way. It is going to be a pleasure to make it even more attractive and accessible so that more people will enjoy its beauty."

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There may well be room for such real estate creativity, particularly in the urban environment, but why Mineral King? It is here that one begins to realize that there is more to the Disney Imperative than artistic indulgence. Old-fashioned wilderness preserves don't lend themselves to high-density, high-revenue outdoor activities. While lumber people, mining people and amusement park operators grouse about such public land lying "idle," their buzz saw and pickax enterprise hardly conveys a sense of public service and responsibility. The artificial environment approach, on the other hand, oozes with public service. Skiing interests have been eyeing Mineral King for some time, but their straightforward plans were a bit too brutal even for the Forest Service. About a decade ago, Walt Disney Productions purchased a small amount of private land in Mineral King Valley. After that, came the Disney master plan to make Mineral King "even more attractive and accessible."

And if a suit brought by the Sierra Club, and now before the courts, does not prevail, that is exactly what they will do. The Forest Service is so excited that it has given Disney Productions a thirty-year lease to indulge in its style of wilderness improvements. Walt Disney Productions expects 2.5 million paying visitors by 1976. The National Park Service, albeit reluctantly, will permit 8 million cubic yards of Sequoia National Park land to be pushed about for a high-speed access highway into Mineral King. The highway, which will undoubtedly become a linear butcher block for mule deer and other unwary pedestrians, will be named the Walt Disney Memorial Highway, if the promoters have their way. While this may be a fitting monument, I wouldn't wish this designation on anybody.

This transformation of wilderness into an artistic profit-making venture doesn't miss any bets. During the summer, the fourteen ski lifts will be available for "hikers, campers and wildlife students." While Walt Disney Productions makes no promises to the effect, I have a hunch that chair-borne hikers and wildlife students may find themselves gazing down upon Son of Lion Country Safari.

The Forest Service's willingness to succumb to the Disney Imperative at Mineral King will not be lost on the creators of Six Flags Over Texas, Marineland, Frontierland and other mass-rec promoters. Ski and marina promoters are undoubtedly scanning Forest Service maps and latching onto architects itchy to outdo nature. The ability of the National Park Service to be suckered into this frenzy for packaged fantasy is probably not being overlooked either.

Another semi-natural domain in public hands promises to become an even greater victim of the Disney Imperative. I read recently an advertisement in which a landscaping firm was expanding into "underwater landscaping." I wondered if the market for plastic sharks in Bel Air swimming pools was really that large; then I read on. "Specialists in preserving, restoring and creating special effects in the undersea environment utilizing the natural beauty and ecology of the region," explained the

Conrad; Los Angeles Times

"We Need Offshore Drilling So That You People Can Drive Your Cars to the Beaches and Enjoy Them!"

advertisement. "We travel anywhere. . . No job too small."

Disney sea is already in the making. The Santa Monica shore consists of a long, spacious beach that abuts the metropolitan Los Angeles area. The present use—public beach—is natural enough, in fact too natural. One agency noted for its inventive verve proposes the creation of a giant marina. A 6-mile-long earth-filled breakwater would protect the boats and be the basis for an artificial, i.e., real, offshore beach. Let's see if you can apply the Disney Imperative by filling in the blank. The breakwater will be topped by ————. The answer is not barnacles but freeway. This perhaps suggests the identity of the fantasy maker: it is the California Division of Highways. The Division would set aside generous shoulders on the proposed Santa Monica Causeway to accommodate marinas, high-rise apartments and other institutions eager to leapfrog public beach frontage and acquire high-revenue footholds on the "idle" nearshore. A sure sign of the Disney Imperative at work is the developer's willingness to defy natural laws. The curtaining off of the nearshore into a still lagoon permits the laying of underwater air hoses to keep the pollution circulating. Curiously enough, the Los Angeles City Council has been reluctant to endorse the Santa Monica Causeway project. The highway people have demonstrated that they don't have closed minds about this thing. They have offered to move the freeway off the causeway and onto the present existing beach. To "replace" this beach, underwater artificial reefs would be installed to nurture an artificial offshore beach. The fact that the "perched beach" concept is untested suggests how well the planners are remaining true to the Disney Imperative. Dr. Kenneth Inman, of the Scripps Institution

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of Oceanography, a beach erosion expert, suggests two possible accidents: the shunting of the sand into deep water beyond recovery and the stimulation of potentially destructive waves. However, a consultant on the project, James Dunham of Moffat-Nichol Engineers, sees the "greatest single problem of the entire project" as being a supply of enough earth fill. Mr. Dunham then goes on to suggest a suitable "borrow pit": a coastal hill range. And once Mr. Dunham gets going, there is no stopping him. Why not, he asks, borrow from the hills in such manner as to transform them into the site for another freeway and for terraced homes?

Other noted fantasy makers have their own master schemes to improve on the nearshore. Airport planners now realize that the solution to airplane noise is not quieter airplanes but the extension of runways out to sea. These runways, seductively tipped with marinas and beaches, are packaged as complete environments, ostensibly soundproofed. At last count, some twenty coastal cities were considering such seaward intrusions. At this rate, the United States itself may become a borrow pit to accommodate the air age. Once installed, the runways have a way of continually growing outward. Kennedy International Airport, outside New York, is even now proposing to push a super runway out into Jamaica Bay, used from time immemorial as a resting and feeding site for migratory water birds. It is feared that this intrusion might put an end to the entire Atlantic flyway by forcing the birds to make too long a jump. Some people feel that San Francisco Airport and Oakland Airport will finally bisect San Francisco Bay, to form the world's first supersonic runway.

There is no end of ways to reclaim the ocean. I heard one planner talk about the "Real Estate Potentials of Offshore Island Development." His inspiration did not come from traditional islands. He suggests that offshore oil drill platforms can double as real estate if mounted on earth fill. He proposes that these oil-inspired islands be connected to the mainland by causeways, there being no sense in having islands entirely surrounded by water.

Natural islands can also be upgraded by recourse to the Disney Imperative. The owner of one pastoral island off Southern California, Santa Cruz Island (being considered for national park status), plans to dredge out part of the scenic shore to accommodate a marina. But he doesn't call it a marina; he calls it an "artificial fjord." Part of the shore already boasts a vacation camp, Polynesian style. Progressive developers in Tahiti may see the light and erect igloo motels.

The craze to redesign the nearshore, particularly as a luxury boat storage area, suggests that we may soon be able to claim that there are more boats than fish in the offshore waters. The hectic transformation of estuaries into high-revenue environments already promises to sterilize the offshore and the skies above. Some two-thirds of our marine catch, as well as our shore birds, are estuary dependent. Yet the fantasy makers even have a way of capitalizing on this purge: box-office aquariums, featuring seals who can balance rubber balls on their noses.

The most disconcerting fact about the spread of the Disney Imperative is its misdirection. There is a place for well-designed, man-made environments that provide underground services and transportation facilities, achieve thematic architecture, diversify recreational opportunities and create an illusion of beauty and excitement. But this place should be the urban environment, not the prime wilderness. Perhaps the greatest service our conservation agencies can perform in the future will be to tell the devotees of the Disney Imperative to get the hell out of the Mineral Kings and go back to Chicago, New York and Newark. The concepts of compact beauty and illusion that Disney employed in Disneyland deserve much larger application, but not in the role of improving nature.

OUT TO GET THE PANTHERS

L. F. PALMER, JR.
Mr. Palmer is a reporter and columnist for the Chicago Daily News, *and a special correspondent for the Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

A few minutes before dawn on June 4, Merlin Nygren, Assistant Deputy Superintendent of Chicago police and the officer in charge that morning, got the word from his dispatcher: "The FBI has informed us they are going to raid the Black Panther headquarters on Madison Street. They request that all Chicago police cars stay out of the area." The message came through loud and clear; this was going to be a performance by the Feds.

The first thing they did was to seal off the area surrounding the ghetto building at 2350 W. Madison Street, nestled solidly in the heart of the riot-ravaged West Side. One police car swooped down on the intersection of Madison and Western to reroute traffic. An FBI car did the same thing a block away. By sunrise, the operation was under way.

FBI cars with revolving red Mars lights blinking moved in on Panther headquarters and disgorged an array of agents. On their left arms, they had safety-pinned white armbands with red letters: "U.S. Department of Justice." Across their chests, they wore light olive-green bullet-proof vests, harbingers of an expected shoot-out.

Marlin Johnson, special agent in charge of the Chicago FBI office, came dressed in a dark brown suit, white shirt and a wide-brimmed hat, like a businessman. His business was to lead a raid on the black revolutionary organiza-

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tion which is developing a nasty habit of unsettling local, state and national defenders of the *status quo.*

Several G-men quickly clambered up a fire escape of the building next to the Panthers', jumped to the roof of the headquarters, spread out for escape attempts and in perfect gun position for any action that might occur on Madison Street. Down in the street, more agents took cover behind cars and glued their eyes to the doorway leading to the second- and third-floor offices of the Panthers. Their weaponry included heavy firearms, machine guns, shotguns and tear gas.

When efforts to coax the Panthers out of their offices failed, the G-men took the sledge-hammer route, rushed the headquarters and took into custody—without resistance—eight Black Panthers, two of them female. By the time the G-men left, revolutionary posters had been torn from the walls, lists of names of Panther lawyers, contributors and other supporters had been confiscated. Office equipment and some weapons were carted out and petitions with more than 9,000 signatures seeking an appeal bond for jailed Illinois Panther leader Fred Hampton had disappeared. Cash—something more than $1,700—was taken. Food for the Panthers' breakfast for poor children program had been trampled and slung around the office. At this writing, only the money had been returned. The FBI raided the Panther headquarters without a search warrant. They carried only an arrest warrant for George Sams, Jr., whom they described as a Panther wanted for murder in New Haven.

Sams was nowhere to be found in the Chicago Black Panther headquarters. But the eight Panthers arrested were charged with harboring a fugitive. Sixteen days later, the charges against the eight were dismissed.

After the Chicago raid, the FBI or police conducted in rapid succession raids on Panthers in Des Moines, Indianapolis and Denver. Panthers have been arrested in Seattle, Eugene, Ore., New York City, Newark, Baltimore, Salt Lake City, numerous California cities, to mention a few incidents of recent weeks.

The nation-wide harassment of Black Panthers, which includes extraordinary means of trying to keep the Black Panther newspaper from being distributed, has reached such proportions that the Panthers scheduled a Revolutionary Conference for a United Front against Fascism in Oakland, Calif. on July 18-21. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, were to gather for what could be one of the decade's most influential meetings.

On the day after the Chicago raid, Black Panther Party chairman, Bobby Seale, said that more than forty Panther leaders and more than 100 members had been arrested across the country in two months. In Seale's words, the arrests are "nothing more than Richard M. Nixon's operations of attempting to destroy the national and state level Black Panther Party leaderships." Describing the G-men as "Fascist FBI pigs," Seale said the reason behind the alleged plot to destroy the Panthers is the federal government's horror of Socialist programs, which the Panthers advocate. He said U.S. officials are employing local law-enforcement agencies in their conspiracy to remove Panther leaders from the streets and thereby kill off the movement. In his annual report, released July 15, J. Edgar Hoover singled out the Panthers as being, among Negro militant groups, the "greatest threat to the internal security of the country."

The Panther party's top leadership has already been skimmed off, each with a different kind of spoon. Minister of defense Huey P. Newton is in prison, convicted of killing an Oakland, Calif., policeman. Panthers view him as a political prisoner. Bobby Hutton, the party's treasurer, was killed by police a little more than a year ago. The Black Panther newspaper declares that "from that point on there have been some twenty Panthers murdered by the nation's pigs and their running dogs."

Eldridge Cleaver, whose best-selling *Soul on Ice* has made him the party's most widely known member, is in exile. About to be returned to jail on a charge of probation violation, Cleaver vowed he would never go back behind bars and disappeared from sight. He is reported to be living in Cuba.

Seale himself is under federal indictment on charges growing out of the Democratic National Convention disturbances in Chicago last summer. Those close to that extraordinary chapter in American malfeasance know that Seale played only a marginal role in the clashes. Indeed, Jay Miller, director of the Illinois chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, while searching for a motive for the Seale indictment, was told by a high-ranking official in the Justice Department that "the Panthers are a bunch of hoodlums and we have to get this guy." It is, then, entirely reasonable to come to the conclusion that it is only a matter of time before Seale joins Newton, Hutton and Cleaver in America's peculiar and chilling version of Siberia.

With these formidable national leaders out of action, it appears that many local and federal officials are almost paranoid in their determination that the Panthers shall not continue to ride herd on what they call the "oppressive capitalistic system."

As Donald Freed, assistant to the provost of the California Institute of the Arts, put it: "If what is being perpetrated against the Black Panther Party was being done to any white group, including the Nazi Party, the liberal establishment—from the ACLU to *The New York Times*—would absolutely refuse to tolerate it further. Since the party began its hot breakfast for children project (now feeding 5,000 a day, which is, in the words of California's Jesse Unruh, 'more than the government feeds'), Panther arrests with charges later dropped, and bail in the millions, constitute an unprecedented national scandal which beggars the fifties." Freed sees official action against the Panthers as "a growing conspiracy which would have the most awful climax this ominous summer."

What has been happening to the Panthers in Chicago provides as good a spectacle as any for Americans who may want to make a serious examination of Bobby Seale's charge that a national campaign is in full swing against the group which calls itself the "vanguard party"

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of the revolution. The experiences of the Illinois Panthers vary little, if any, from those of the group that founded the party in California and from those of the others that now seek to carry out its aims across the country.

After a few months of underground organizing, the Illinois Black Panther Party emerged in December 1968. Many of its members had attended college and labored in the nonviolent civil rights movement. At that time, few members had criminal records of any consequence. Now the charges against them run into three figures, including one of stealing a garbage can.

Only two convictions stand against the record of the Illinois Black Panthers. Significantly, they are both against the party's top two leaders. Bobby Rush, deputy minister of defense, was convicted in a Champaign (Ill.) circuit court of illegal possession of a weapon, following a visit of Panthers to the University of Illinois. Rush—a husband, father of two and an army veteran—has appealed the conviction. Fred Hampton, the Illinois party's deputy chairman, was convicted of robbing an ice-cream truck driver of $71 worth of ice cream and is serving two to five years in the Menard Penitentiary. Hampton is an ex-Roosevelt University student and former head of the Maywood (Ill.) NAACP Youth Council.

Hampton's conviction came despite his testimony that he was not on the Maywood school playground last April when the ice cream was stolen. In an out-of-court statement, Hampton told reporters: "I may be a pretty big mother, but I can't eat no 710 ice-cream bars." However, the words which attracted the attention of Panther watchers were those of the judge who refused to set an appeal bond for Hampton, dooming him to immediate incarceration: "This defendant admits to me that he advocates armed revolution," said circuit court Judge Sidney A. Jones, a Chicago Negro. "I cannot take the responsibility of allowing him to remain at large."

"The Cops Don' Bother To Wear The White Hats. . . . All They Needs Is The White Faces."

Aside from the fact that advocacy of armed revolution is scarcely relevant to a charge of stealing ice cream, the U.S. Supreme Court on June 9 outlawed Ohio's syndicalism law. This statute, passed by several states during the "Red scare" after World War I, makes it unlawful "to advocate or teach the duty, necessity, or propriety of crime, sabotage, violence or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing industrial or political reform."

The Supreme Court ruling made it clear that convictions cannot be upheld against persons who simply advocate the necessity of overthrowing the government. Under the High Court decision, it is imperative that the advocate actually intends lawless action that would produce violence. If such a judicial opinion holds on a conviction, it would seem that it would be equally applicable to the granting of an appeal bond.

Bobby Rush expressed this same sentiment in somewhat different language: "Cloaked in the black robe that surely smells of the mire that he lives in, pig Jones, black puppet manipulated by the pig power puppeteers of Chicago, has carried out this system's policy of legal and sanctioned persecution. The State's attorneys' every effort was not to show that Fred was a thief, which is what they called him, but it was to show that Fred's political ideas are in direct opposition to his and all others who embrace injustice."

Kermit Coleman, head of the ACLU's ghetto project in Chicago, who has handled many cases of accused Panthers, provides insights into the attitudes of officials who find themselves in confrontation with revolutionary blacks. One assistant State's attorney, says Coleman, opens his prosecutions of Black Panthers by saying: "This is a Black Panther case, your Honor."

Among the cases for which Coleman has handled the defense have been that of two Panthers charged with violating a city ordinance on the use of public ways by selling the Black Panther newspaper. The charges were dropped. In another, two Panthers were arrested for handing out leaflets. The charges were dropped. Other cases involved charges of aggravated battery, disorderly conduct, resisting arrest and a variety of weapons charges. These, too, were dismissed.

"It would seem to me," Coleman says, "that it would be irrational to assume that the Black Panther Party and each of its members is deliberately setting out to get ar-

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rested. And yet it seems that every member has been arrested, with the leaders being arrested many times. This raises in my mind a belief that there is a concerted effort among law-enforcement agencies and political forces in this city and throughout the nation to wipe out the Panthers."

Coleman explains why: "They see the political nature of the Black Panther Party as being a danger to entrenched political and economic interests. These are young black people who cannot be bought off with a loaf of bread and the promise of pie in the sky. A great many of their members have come out of the traditional movement after seeing that this kind of protest is not effective."

Coleman expressed what many people, no doubt, have been thinking: "You'll notice that other black groups that are just as active in the community are not getting busted because they are talking about opting for black capitalism. As long as you talk about black capitalism, you don't go to jail. But when one comes out of a revolutionary bag that does not encompass the present political and economic structure, that's when the powers of repression are brought to bear."

That they are being brought to bear was made abundantly clear in this remark by a veteran Chicago police reporter who is about as well informed on such matters as any person in the city: "I can't remember in my entire career witnessing the quantity nor the quality of repressive force unleashed against the Black Panthers. I don't think it is all a matter of a national conspiracy, though I believe this is certainly a part of it. I think this massive repression also results from the naked fear many policemen have of the Panthers. They want to do them in as a kind of self-defense measure."

Repression takes many forms and it certainly is no coincidence that there is a striking similarity between the Washington hearings into Black Panther activities and the probe of Chicago's Blackstone Rangers by the same agency, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigation. While the Rangers are not considered to be revolutionaries, this former street gang, now known as the Black P. Stone Nation, is—like the Panthers—decidedly at odds with the political ruling elite.

The direction of the McClellan committee's hearings on the Rangers discounted any efforts these black youths were making toward constructive community programming. It also pulled the financial rug out from under an Office of Economic Opportunity project designed to experiment with means of rehabilitating black street gangs. A major performance before the McClellan committee came from a former Ranger who "told all" and who, informed sources insist, was taken off the hook of a criminal charge in exchange for his "exposé."

As the same committee "digs" into the workings of the Black Panthers, it is no surprise that they have come up with a former Panther whose stories of sexual, criminal and exploitative activities are remarkably parallel to those credited to the Blackstone Rangers. Panther leaders, including Seale and Chief of Staff David Hilliand, insist that ex-Panther Larry Clayton Powell was telling the story the committee wanted to hear and that he did so to gain clemency on robbery charges.

The committee has made much of a Panther coloring book which allegedly was distributed to boys and girls at their free breakfasts. The book depicts youths attacking police and the legend under one reads: "The only good pig is a dead pig." Seale told newsmen that the book was "rejected" by the Panther leadership because it is "racist." He said it was never distributed. The McClellan committee, which encouraged the impression that the book received wide dissemination, took absolutely no notice of the fact that for many years a popular slogan declared, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." After the Indians were all but dead, the slogan was revised to "The only good nigger is a dead nigger."

Out of the Oakland conference may come solid and ominous documentation of America's frightening drift away from a democracy which it has always mouthed but never practiced, toward a version of fascism which it has never mouthed but is practicing with a creeping zeal. I attended the National Black Economic Development Conference in Detroit at which James Forman introduced and gained approval for the Black Manifesto, demanding $500 million in reparations from white churches and synagogues. Shortly thereafter, a federal grand jury was impaneled in Detroit and began to subpoena witnesses for an investigation into the circumstances of the Manifesto.

I received a short time ago a communication from the Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization, which sponsored the conference. The letter, addressed to all who had attended the three-day meeting, said in part:

> Within the last four weeks, the FBI has been systematically contacting persons attending the National Black Economic Development Conference. The agents have represented the investigation as being ordered by the United States Attorney General, supposedly in regard to possible extortion charges against James Forman. We are advised by attorneys that this is a preposterous notion. Although presumably the investigation is on the extortion issue, there is apparent interest in other individuals' roles in the conference, including that of Lucius Walker, Jr. [IFCO's Executive Director].
>
> If the indications we have received are true, there is no legal basis for such a charge, if the purpose of this is intimidation to drive the movement back into the wall, it leads one to believe this is just another effort to hold back the thrust for black liberation. If enough people can be frightened by the massive use of agents across the country, that might be more effective than an actual case. We shouldn't be duped by this kind of strategy.

Nor should white Americans be duped into thinking that the kind of official repression which has been described in this article is limited to Black Panthers, Blackstone Rangers, or other minority organizations and individuals who are aggressive in their challenge of the *status quo*. As violence breeds violence, so does repression breed repression. Whites can feel the sting, too.

An extraordinary incident which happened in Chicago

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recently bears this out, and at the same time provides a bizarre commentary on the American racial circus. The Better Government Association, a prestigious civic organization, had planned a meeting with representatives of the ghetto, including several gang leaders. The purpose was to open a dialogue which might reduce dangerous tensions. The meeting was set for the Inland Steel Building in the Loop and was to be a luncheon.

But members of the police department's gang intelligence unit (which was prominent in the Blackstone Rangers hearing before the McClellan committee and which, some believe, promoted the investigation) demanded invitations to the meeting and upbraided the hosts for not telling the unit's head, Capt. Edward Buckney, what they were doing.

Gang intelligence police swarmed over the building, staked out in the lobby, and started shooting pictures of everybody who entered. When the gang leaders arrived and found the fuzz all over the place, they "split the scene," rendering the meeting impotent. Chicago *Daily News* columnist Mike Royko, who broke the story, described one of the intimidated hosts of the meeting: "Robert Gaylord Donnelley—Credentials: A member of the wealthy family that controls R. R. Donnelley and Sons Company, the giant printing firm (*Red Book*); Yale '60 and Harvard Business School '63; executive of the First National Bank of Chicago; Social Register, society pages and civic leader. In other words, a top-drawer, white member of the Establishment."

Said the startled Donnelley, after he had recovered from the shock of his introduction to intimidation and repression, American style: "I had never believed most of the things I read about the tactics the police use. Most of the people I know still don't believe it. If this is an example of the type of thing that is happening to black people, then I can appreciate their feelings and their reactions."

The irony is that Captain Buckney is a Negro.

HARRY GOLDEN

The rare-book dealer in New York City, H. P. Kraus, announced recently that he had acquired the papers of Julius S. Grinnell, who prosecuted the Haymarket rioters. Mr. Grinnell's notes dealing with several stages of the legal proceedings are among these papers. Historians and scholars have never seen this material. Grinnell's prosecution was successful. Four innocent men were hanged.

The Haymarket Riot took place in Chicago's Haymarket Square on May 4, 1886. Three anarchists were publicly denouncing police brutality and the clubbing of strikers; a small audience listened. One hundred and seventy-six policemen tried to disperse the meeting. Someone in the crowd threw a bomb, no one has ever discovered who. Eleven persons were killed and more than 100 injured. The police started firing. Anybody was a target.

The next day the police rounded up nine anarchists, including a yeast manufacturer named Oscar Neebe who happened to be visiting one of the arrested men. The state indicted seven of these as accessories before the fact in the murder of police officer Matthew Degan, whom the bomb had killed. An anarchist named Albert Parsons of his own free will came out of hiding to surrender to the court. The jury found seven of the defendants guilty of murder.

The newspapers at the time editorialized that these men had tried to destroy society: in turn, they must be destroyed. Five years later, John Peter Altgeld, one of the first immigrants to become a governor, pardoned the three surviving men in a 16,000-word message. "The jury which tried the case was a packed jury selected to convict," wrote the Illinois Governor who proceeded to list the errors of the presiding jurist, Judge Gary, and reasoned that there was no proven connection between the man who threw the bomb and the men in prison. Altgeld concluded the police were just as guilty, for they had broken up a peaceful meeting and clubbed the heads of workers. Of these labor wars, Altgeld asked, "Does clubbing a man reform him? Does brutal treatment elevate his thoughts?"

The pardons were political suicide for Altgeld. The consequences were clear to him, however. "If I decide they are innocent, I will pardon them if I never hold office another day in my life." He never did.

What has always compelled me about the heroism of Altgeld and the significance of the Haymarket case were the reminiscences of a friend who clearly remembered the day the four men were executed. The schools were let out so the children could celebrate the state's efficiency. Eleven-year-old Carl Sandburg was going home in Galesburg, Ill., and he heard one man hail another with the four words Sandburg says he never forgot, "well, they hanged 'em." The joy with which the information was conveyed shamed Sandburg. The statement struck him as a glad howl, and neither his mother nor his father's defense of the execution diminished his shame.

Whether scholars and historians are ever able to determine the guilt or innocence of the Haymarket rioters will now make little practical difference: dead men are dead forever. But I hope they get at these papers soon. It is surprising how little things change in ninety years. Police apparently do not need strikers if they want to bend their clubs. What we should be reminded of is that when the state exercises its efficiency without the quality of mercy, it is the most terrifying horror in the universe.

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floor of the coup but concedes he "did welcome the revolution." Surely . . . Ambassador Gordon's feelings on that vital point were well known to the Brazilian military leaders prior to their take-over, thus providing them with the push they needed to go through with it. . . .

Mr. Gordon insists that a "Communist capture of power" threatened Brazil under Goulart. This old, reliable specter, however, has been pretty much put to rest. James W. Rowe, one of the most respected scholars on modern Brazil, has written: "The revolt of March-April 1964 has most often been interpreted as a reaction of the Brazilian middle classes against the threat of Communist or leftist-nationalist subversion—or else as a reactionary uprising of the privileged classes against the increasingly articulated demands of a reform-minded alliance of Populists and leftists. Neither interpretation will stand careful scrutiny."

Next, Mr. Gordon modestly depreciates his closeness to President Castelo Branco. . . . Yet he acknowledges: "From early 1965 on, I tried, as a friendly outside observer, to make this point [the need to build a new political infrastructure] with President Castelo Branco and his associates." He further concedes having frequent and extensive consultations with Planning Minister Roberto Campos and Finance Minister Octavio Bulhoes. As is well known, Campos was the eyes and ears and often the brains of Castelo Branco. . . . Indeed, one of the private complaints of Costa e Silva is that he has no aide-de-camp of the stature of Campos.

A *New York Times* story as late as June 1, 1969, identifies Mr. Gordon as "a former high State Department official once closely identified with United States support for the military-dominated Government in Brazil." . . . Need more be said? *Dom Bonafede*

Columbia's proving ground

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Readers of Frank Donner's fine analysis of the use of the injunction on campus [*The Nation*, June 9] will be interested to know of the development of the case against the Columbia SDS. The undersigned are a group of parents of Columbia students. Some of us are the parents of the eight Columbia students and former students (all were students through the spring of 1968) who are now serving a thirty-day contempt of court sentence in the civil jail in New York for sitting-in in two buildings this spring. Their demands included open admissions for the underprivileged who live directly outside the Columbia University community, opposition to expansion and militarization of the campus, and support of the Black Panthers. . . .

Of these eight, two have been served with additional arrest warrants while in jail for criminal contempt of court and other legal charges under the penal code. They will be taken directly from the civil jail when they are released, and arraigned under the new charges, which are being pressed by individual Columbia professors (Smith and Coulter) in an unusual use of the injunction proceedings. Columbia has also moved to make the injunction permanent. In addition, the office of Dr. Andrew W. Cordier has yielded the names of twenty-nine students and eight former students, most of them members of SDS, to the Senate Permanent Committee on Investigations, and it is reported that the data included information on the sources and amounts of scholarship aid they had received. Finally, in the court hearings on the contempt citations, Columbia professors allowed themselves to be used as finger men by the administration.

Columbia . . . was the first to call in the cops; the first to use the injunction and the courts; the first to involve its academic staff in punitive legal actions; and very quick to inform on a body of students to a highly discredited investigative committee. [Its] . . . methods are promptly tried elsewhere. The use of the injunction spread to Dartmouth, Brooklyn, City, Queens, etc. Students are increasingly being jailed by means of this handy device. Out of our experience in having lived through McCarthyism, we have learned enough to reject the methods being used to silence the young, and to turn away from the hypocrisy with which they are being lectured. We believe that talk of "force and violence" and "Left fascism" is cant, a highly selective weapon used for highly selective ends. . . .

Elizabeth Bobrick	Joseph Roth
Bernard Cole	Morton Siegelbaum
Leo Hurwitz	Helen Yglesias
Peggy Lawson Hurwitz	Jose Yglesias
Audrey Meyer	Dora Ziegellaub
Martha Roth	and others

New York City

DEAR SIRS: On June 19, thirty-nine members of the Queens College community were sentenced in Queens County Criminal Court. Acting on legal advice, the thirty-eight students and one faculty member chose to plead guilty to the reduced charge of criminal trespass in the third degree, a charge that the District Attorney had agreed to accept. The expectation was that the defendants would receive minimal or suspended sentences. Instead, the thirty-one male students and one faculty member were given sentences of fifteen days in jail, the maximum jail sentence for the charge of third degree criminal trespass. The seven female students were given sentences of fifteen days in jail or a $250 fine. We feel strongly that the sentences in both cases were excessive considering the peaceful nature of the sit-in and sentences in other similar cases. At present we are attempting to have the sentences of the male students reduced and to raise money to pay the fines of the female students. We need a minimum of $2,000 to pay this fine and other expenditures incurred in the defense of the students. Frankly, we are faced with a serious problem in raising this amount of money. The sources from which we can draw are limited and the time is short. Contributions should be sent to: The Queens College Defense Fund, c/o Solomon Resnick, 316 West 94 Street, Apt. 5D, New York, N.Y. 10025.

Solomon Resnick, Frank Warren, Michael Wreszin

flimflam

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Feeling strongly that those of us who wish to view the *Beverly Hillbillies* or Lawrence Welk or *The Dating Game* should have that right, and that the same goes for the Smothers Brothers, I wrote to C.B.S. protesting their censorship (and canceling) of the latter.

Ray L. Beindorf, general manager of the local outlet, KNXT, answered me that C.B.S. had no alternative but "to exercise that responsibility [in matters of taste] in a medium that comes into the home and is seen by viewers of all ages." Is Mr. Beindorf reaffirming the old concept once applied to radio that all TV programming be aimed at the 12-year-old mentality?

Even if we accept this unacceptable standard in theory, C.B.S. doesn't accept it in practice. At about the same time the Smothers Brothers were being ousted, *C.B.S. Playhouse* presented "Shadow Play" which featured (*1*) a seduction scene; (*2*) an attempted rape; and (*3*) two mugging incidents and was seen by viewers of all ages.

Personally, I think this is all flimflam. The Smothers Brothers were fired not for lack of talent, not for moral reasons, not for technical problems but for an anti-Establishment slant evident in their humor. *Harry Cimring*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Kremlinology: Power and Terror

THE GREAT TERROR: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties. *By Robert Conquest. The Macmillan Co. 633 pp. $9.95.*

POWER IN THE KREMLIN: From Khrushchev to Kosygin. *By Michel Tatu. Viking Press. 570 pp. $10.*

DAVID JORAVSKY

Mr. Joravsky teaches history at Northwestern University. He is the author of Soviet Marxism and Natural Science *(Columbia University Press).*

Kremlinology is the effort to do archival research in high Soviet politics without access to the archives. Its method and appeal are as simple as the local gossip's: supposition turns incoherent bits of information into an exposé of the sin and stupidity that the neighbors try to hide. The details vary endlessly but the theme is quite monotonous: within the Kremlin, big shots only pretend to be deciding great issues of policy; they are really engaged in a sordid struggle for personal power. The unending exposé simply bores most people. Who cares whether Khrushchev really was pushing Ilichev to replace Suslov until Suslov linked with Brezhnev to bump Khrushchev-Ilichev? Or, going back to the time when losers were bumped off, who cares who killed Kirov?

A sensible argument is implicit in rhetoric of this type. Who cares who killed the Austrian Archduke in 1914? In each case a single assassination triggered state power into violence against millions of randomly selected victims. The initial assassinations can hardly be considered significant causes of such enormous processes, except to the gossip mentality, which persistently confuses the discovery of causation with the laying of blame. What caused the enormous convulsion of Soviet terror in 1936-38? Stalin's insatiable lust for power. That is Robert Conquest's main explanation of the Great Terror (he loves to magnify by capitalizing), by which he does not mean the whole spasmodic history of extralegal jailing and shooting, only the spasm of 1936-38. The Russians call it *yezhovshchina*, the Yezhov thing, after the chief administrator of terror in those years.

Conquest concedes that analyzing Stalin's mind is "peering into the glooms of an extreme reticence"; it is hard "to tell how far he had made his aims explicit even in his own mind." At this point Conquest makes a reasonable guess that should have led him away from Stalin's little dark mind to more important causes of the terror: "What he had, politically speaking, was less definite than a planned control of developments. It was rather the feel of events, the flow." If seriously pursued, this line of thought leads from the flow of events at the summit of the political hierarchy, which cannot be studied in detail until the archives are opened, to broader social processes, which are copiously documented in the public record. For example, one can argue a connection between mass terror and forced industrialization, as Borys Lewytskyj did in his history, *Vom roten Terror zur sozialistischen Gesetzlichkeit* (Munich, 1961). Conquest ignores the book, and only occasionally touches on the connection, in order to deny its significance.

In 1929-33 mass terror was used to drive peasants, technicians and managers toward the impossible goals of the first Five Year Plan. If the quantity of victims and the qualitative transformation of society are indices of greatness, this convulsion of 1929-33 deserves to be singled out as the Great Terror. But Conquest hurries past it to the Yezhov thing, which obviously damaged the economy by mauling the whole class of leaders and specialists. Pointing this out, Conquest thinks he has disproved the economic function of the terror even in the convulsion of 1929-33. "For it cannot simply be switched off. It builds its own interests and institutions, its own cadres and habits of mind. Any good it may be . . . at a particular moment is likely to be offset at a later stage when it is no longer applicable, but still applied." Unwittingly he has suggested an institutional approach to the Yezhov thing; but remarks of this kind are only momentary departures from wearisome elaboration of his main theme. The Great Terror was a Great Plot, executed with unfaltering mastery by that "political genius," J. V. Stalin, who virtually destroyed the party in order to change "despotism," which he had achieved by the end of the twenties, into "absolute autocracy," which he won through the Yezhov thing.

The difference between despotism and absolute autocracy is not explained, for Conquest is hardly more serious at constitutional analysis than he is at economic. He simply declares that the periodic spasms of mass terror in Soviet history were not the product of evolving systems, whether political or economic, or each acting on the other. An individual was responsible, at least for the Great Terror of 1936-38. Even the belief that Lenin's monolithic party-state predetermined Stalin's terror, a widespread view that Conquest finds attractive, is nevertheless rejected in an introductory discussion that ignores the longest argument for it, Hellmut Andics, *Der grosse Terror* (Vienna, 1967; recently issued in English by Holt, Rinehart & Winston as *Rule of Terror*). "The nature of the whole Purge," Conquest insists, "depends in the last analysis on the personal and political drives of Stalin."

With breathtaking boldness Stalin's drives and plots are reconstructed from ambiguous scraps of circumstantial evidence, rumor and conjecture. If a bit of information can fit a supposition that fits Conquest's general theme, the supposition is not only made, it is quickly transformed into a factual basis for further supposition, which in turn becomes fact, and so on to the preordained verdict, quite in the bullheaded style of the Stalinists. It may be poetic justice to turn their method against their great leader, but it is hardly fair to the general public, which still believes that Stalin was omnipotent. Anti-Communists have long cooperated with Communists in spreading this myth. Khrushchev explained the Yezhov thing simply by turning the "cult of personality" upside down, and Conquest does much the same. Not divine but satanic omnipotence is attributed to one person, and with that the search for an explanation stops. Togliatti's famous objection, that this is un-Marxist reasoning, can be recast in the language of common sense: social phenomena must have social causes of appropriate magnitude.

Soviet Communists ignore this truth for fear of condemning their system. Anti-Communists fear that talk of social causes will exonerate Stalin and his henchmen. Such people are confusing moral judgment with historical inquiry, which tries to explain changing patterns of mass behavior. Old-fashioned political history, the story of politics at the royal court, offers a little help, but even that little is not to be found in Kremlinology. It is a guessing game of old-fashioned political historians, whiling away the decades till the archives are opened.

Conquest is not merely a Krem-

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linologist. He is also a passionate moralist, outraged by wanton destruction of human life (especially when Communists are guilty of it). The result, in his non-Kremlinological chapters, is a masterful description of the Yezhov thing. From many sources, chiefly the memoirs of surviving victims, he has compiled a catalogue of horrors, skillfully driving the shrinking reader along on a current of dismay and outrage. The shootings seem less cruel—perhaps for the simple reason that he has found virtually no eyewitness accounts of them—than the humiliation and torture of the accused, the starvation and freezing in the camps, and the protracted torment of the "wreckers'" families.

The ultimate horror was the futility of the whole thing, even from the Stalinist point of view. Nearly all the victims were not simply innocent of the "anti-state crimes" to which they were forced to confess; they were utterly powerless and even unwilling to think about resisting the state that destroyed their lives. What possible justification could there be for such mad use of the state's power? If Conquest had left that unanswered question reverberating in the reader's mind, his book would have merited comparison with Hersey's *Hiroshima*. But he confused the problem of justification with that of explanation, which he sought in Stalin's mind. It is as if Hersey had interspersed through his tale of woe the demonology of Tansill and Beard, picturing the war with Japan as Roosevelt's plot.

At the end, Conquest is gloomy. He feels that mass terror will probably be revived by some future dictator. Like the later Roman Empire, the Soviet Union can only oscillate between good reigns and bad, depending on the personality of the man who wins the throne. Michel Tatu, a fellow Kremlinologist, comes to an opposite conclusion, showing once again that Kremlinological data are like bits of colored glass; they can be arranged in any pattern that suits the artist's fancy.

Tatu is not a facile optimist. Mass terror is unlikely to be revived, he argues, for the bosses know how badly they can be hurt. But they are still overwhelmingly the class of '39, fearful young beneficiaries of the terror, now grown into fearful old oligarchs, interested above all in preserving each his own power against encroachment from any quarter. The result is "one of the most conservative administrative structures in the world," ruling over "a conservative, chauvinistic society," which may be entering a long period of stagnation.

In the past, Tatu reasons, personal dictators upset the inherent conservatism of the Soviet system; Stalin by sporadic use of terror, Khrushchev by sporadic liberalization. Each was able to take decisive action on crucial problems because he was able to undercut the opposition, whether real, potential, or imaginary. In Khrushchev's case the opposition was quite real; his bouts of de-Stalinization were linked with administrative reorganizations designed to improve the country's economy *and* to destroy the satrapies of his opponents. His colleagues in the Politburo finally banded together in self-defense, kicked him out, and stopped de-Stalinization. Thus collective leadership, the Soviet euphemism for oligarchy, is necessarily linked with resistance to further liberalization, which was part of Khrushchev's drive for complete personal dictatorship. Oligarchic stultification or Caesaristic caprice would seem to be the only possibilities for the Soviet political system.

Nevertheless, at the end of his book Tatu predicts a third way: a long-run transformation of the oligarchy into a parliamentary regime. This is the last of his repeated departures from the basic rule of Kremlinology that he endorsed on the very first page: the Soviet Government's "objective problems"—constitutional development, economic growth, foreign relations, the restive intelligentsia—are subordinate to the struggle for power among a few dozen men at the top, driven by "the ancient motive force of the thirst for power." Fortunately, this trivial rule of gossip about personal relationships is repeatedly replaced by analysis of the system. At one point Tatu even admits the fatal weakness of "our science," as he calls Kremlinology: it "lacks sufficient means to enable it to identify the various groups operating in each conflict, and it is still less in a position to fathom the intentions of those groups." He cannot be sure which leaders stand for consumer goods and which are "steel eaters," though the existence of such interest groups is undeniable. The most revealing studies of them are impersonal economic analyses of the shifting policies that result from their conflict.

If the Kremlinological gossip were cut, Tatu's book would be one of the most readable analyses of the real Soviet constitution, that is, the largely unwritten rules deciding which offices and bodies have what rights and powers regardless of the individuals who sit in them. Tatu shows how the political crises of 1957 and 1964 locked the dozen men of the Politburo into a new relationship with the 300 of the Central Committee. In 1957 Khrushchev used the Central Committee to beat down opposition within the Politburo; in 1964 his colleagues in the Politburo played the same game against him. Since then each member of the top leadership has known that "his own team may dismiss him at a moment's notice." The result so far has been a constitutional impasse, paralyzing the government's ability either to proceed with reform or to retreat to full-fledged Stalinism.

The obvious way out would be to make the Politburo clearly responsible to the Central Committee, to *increase* the power of top officials by carefully *defining* it. At present Brezhnev "enjoys far fewer prerogatives than the chief executive in a Western democracy." Tatu thinks that Soviet leaders will ultimately see the obvious way out of their constitutional impasse, along with the obvious necessity of increasing autonomy for economic managers. His reason for hope is simple. He assumes that the Soviet rulers are committed to something more than guarding their own power, or rather that they see the connection between political power and economic progress. The painful fact can hardly be avoided, even by fearful deadlocked oligarchs: they are overtaking America at a snail's pace. They have made timid efforts to remove the grosser inefficiencies of their economic system, but the constitutional impasse prevents the enactment of sweeping reforms. Thus Tatu tries to set the political struggles of the leaders within the larger context of an evolving system, primarily constitutional but also socio-economic.

The traditional approach to history must be reversed in the Soviet case. Instead of starting with old-fashioned political history and then going on to the study of evolving institutions, we are forced to start with institutional history and put off knowledge of politics at the royal court until the state begins to wither away, at least to the extent of opening the archives. Must a thorough history of the terror also be postponed? Probably, for this institution was pathologically secretive. But there are two approaches that might produce enlightening studies, while we wait for the archives to open. One would be small-scale studies of the interaction between the terror and some other institutions, as reflected in local, specialized publications, or in statistical data on the changing career patterns of officials.

The other approach would be very broad and seriously speculative. The four great spasms of terror (1918-21, 1929-33, 1936-38, 1948-53) can be compared with respect to methods, types of victim, and changing social functions (and dysfunctions). It is noteworthy, for example, that the intelligentsia suffered in every spasm (though most of all in the Yezhov thing), while other prey varied markedly from one convulsion to the next. Comparisons and contrasts should also be made with pre-revolutionary spasms. Conquest repeatedly drops the name of Ivan the Terrible, but never says anything mean-

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ingful about his famous *oprichnina.* Neither does he say anything about the *bironovshchina,* the Bühren thing, a pointless convulsion of terror in the 1730s, or about Peter the Great's earlier use of terror to force modernization.

It has been said that the modern state was created to establish peace within the nation and wage war without. It does seem true that modern states kill foreigners more effectively than their clumsy predecessors, while showing greater efficiency in exempting their own citizens from violence. It is tempting to speculate that states in transition to this modern efficiency find it hard to distinguish between the native "us," who deserve the protection of the law, and the foreign "them," who do not. Perhaps the ultimate analogy should be sought in the random processes of natural selection, by which poisonous species of snakes and insects acquire immunity to their own venom.

The Poetry of Earth

TECHNICIANS OF THE SACRED: A Range of Poetries from Africa, America, Asia & Oceania. *Edited by Jerome Rothenberg. Doubleday & Co. 520 pp. $6.95.*

ARMAND SCHWERNER

Mr. Schwerner's latest books of poems are The Tablets *(Cummington Press) and* Seaweed *(Black Sparrow Press).*

Technicians of the Sacred is an anthology in two sections. The first, some 350 pages in length, includes primitive and archaic texts grouped by theme or by geography; the second—the "Commentaries"—tries, in the editor's words "to fill-in the scene or to indicate a little of what the original poets would have expected their hearers to know." As a counterpoint to these "commentaries," the second section furnishes a generous variety of contemporary writing—poems, happenings—by Creeley, Breton, Neruda, Kaprow, Lorca, Wakoski, Gary Snyder, Ginsberg, Apollinaire, Gertrude Stein, Dick Higgins, Emmett Williams, La-Monte Young and Jackson MacLow, among others.

What is the function of this double thrust? The wealth of available primitive and archaic materials certainly suffices for an anthology of *any* size, unaccompanied by writings of another order. The editor seeks to emphasize the bonds and orders common to both ancient or primitive materials and the products of contemporary producers, whether folk rock, random poetry, jazz poetry, concrete poetry, picture poetry, "beast-language" poetry. Perhaps the most insistent problem in compiling such a collection involves the very definition of *poem.* This is a good time to approach the Sumerians or the Sioux: the republic of poetry is increasingly inclusive; such catholicity allows a contemporary collector—especially a formal experimenter like Rothenberg himself—great latitude in the discovery of *poems* within archaic or primitive matrices. Rothenberg takes for granted the metaphysical unity of primitive thought, its wholeness evident in the coalescence of dance, song, magic, rite. And that of course is the source of editorial headaches. How do you pick out individual, self-defined units, *poems,* from within a traditionalist context which makes no such extra-ritualistic separations? Rothenberg's concise—"primitive is complex"—and useful "pre-face" meets the problem head-on:

> Like any collector, my approach to delimiting and recognizing what's a poem has been by analogy: in this case (beyond the obvious definition of poems as words-of-songs) to the work of modern poets. Since much of this work has been revolutionary & limit-smashing, the analogy in turn expands the range of what "we" can see as primitive poetry. It also shows some of the ways in which primitive poetry & thought are close to an impulse toward unity in our own time, of which the poets are forerunners.

There's no news in poetry as nonlogical dream, as noncausal image sequence, as nonlinear and random verbal adventure. What *is* new is the editor's encyclopedic stress on the ties that bind "us" and "them," a stress validated by Rothenberg's discernment and experience.

Poetry is hard put to retain significance and wide cultural status. This book is a monumental attempt to reclaim these attributes. We are in more trouble than the Britain of 1800, but our problems often bear similar markings. The destructive vise of the modern city has tightened. But with Wordsworth we also are victims of "the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies." In the welter of such noisy mass-com irrelevancies, this book asks, what can we meaningfully salvage and depend upon?

No other anthology of which I am aware so adequately manifests what Rothenberg calls the "post-logical" phase of modern poetry; still within the context of Coleridgean organicism and Blakean prophecy, *Technicians of the Sacred* represents a modern attempt to nourish the sundered spirit. Throughout this book, overtly and inferentially, the editor insists upon what Cassirer found in the "primitive" ethos—"the consanguinity of all living things." And how does man reach out to this experience of a common being? Rothenberg answers:

> No people today is newly born. No people has sat in sloth for the thousands of years of its history. Measure everything by the Titan rocket & the transistor radio, & the world is full of primitive peoples. But once change the unit of value to the poem or the dance-event or the dream (all clearly artifactual situations) & it becomes apparent what all those people have been doing all those years with all that time on their hands.

The primitive and archaic materials in *Technicians of the Sacred* are comprehensive, involving vision, song, spell, exorcism, origin myth, naming sequence, mourning song, event, dream, animal tale—taken from such divergent cultures and areas as Australian Arnhelm Land, Tibet, Aztec, Sumeria, Andaman Islands, Fox, Egypt, Gabon Pygmy, India, African Bushman. And how about *that* time-trip as a counter to the coming Moon-voyage?

What makes so many of the anthologized entries available to the reader is the frequent high level of translation or adaptation. Done by poets or particularly sensitive ethnological writers, these versions commonly manifest a *poetic* relevance lacking in much of the primitive or archaic materials so far in general currency. The following magnificent adaptation, "To the God of Fire as a Horse," from the Indian Rig-Veda (ca., 1500 B.C.) will stand as instance; the adapter is Robert Kelly:

Your eyes do not make mistakes.
Your eyes have the sun's seeing.
Your thought marches terribly in the night
blazing with light & the fire
breaks from your throat as you whinny in battle.

This fire was born in a pleasant forest
This fire lives in ecstasy somewhere in the night.

His march is a dagger of fire
His body is enormous
His mouth opens & closes as he champs on the world
He swings the axe-edge of his tongue smelting & refining the raw wood he chops down.

He gets ready to shoot & fits arrow to bowstring
He hones his light to a fine edge on

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the steel
He travels through night with rapid & various movements
His thighs are rich with movement.
He is a bird that settles on a tree.

This collection of man's oldest and newest poem makings, enriched further by the mass and breadth of allusion, comment and interpretation in the "Commentaries" section, constitutes one of the significant aesthetic documents of the postwar period. Out of its almost infinite variety rises a deeply felt metaphysical monism whose ultimate claim to relevance involves the self-transcendent sense that "we" are "they."

Los Angeles' Golden Goose

ANNE STRICK
Miss Strick has published articles and short fiction, and most recently has written monthly theatre essays for Fortune *magazine.*

High on a hill, commanding a 7-acre crown in the center of Los Angeles, sits the new three-building performing arts complex known as the Music Center. Costing $33.5 million, the Music Center consists of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, and the two structures of the Center Theatre Group: the Mark Taper Forum and the Ahmanson Theatre. The Pavilion is home for the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Civic Light Opera and the Choral Society. The Center Theatre Group is Southern California's most ambitious regional theatre.

The complex, designed by architect Welton Beckett, rises like an acropolis above the city's squatting gray office buildings, swirls of clotted freeways, and drab scuttle of civic center. The Taper Forum is a low circular structure of sculptured concrete set in a square reflecting pool and surrounded by a colonnade that joins it to the neighboring Ahmanson. It provides 750 seats, rising in fourteen amphitheatre rows around a thrust stage. The Ahmanson is a tall square structure, with proscenium arch and three audience levels seating 2,100.

The Forum was created to deal predominantly with experimental material, and because of its size was expected to have a $300,000-a-year built-in deficit. The larger Ahmanson was to present works of broader appeal, and was expected to cover the entire Center Theatre operation, plus its own production costs, out of income. In 1967, the Center Theatre Group opened in both theatres, and that first year not only stayed within its projected budget but actually made a profit in the Ahmanson. In the red-inked history of regional theatre, that was a first.

Artistically, too, 1967 was admirable. The Ahmanson offered three premières and brought the Royal Shakespeare Company for the first time to the West. Two of the Forum's four plays were world premières, and seventeen short new works were presented in a special Monday night series. There had been only one brouhaha: the Taper's opener was *The Devils*, John Whiting's play based on Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun*, which dealt with religious and sexual hysteria in the 17th-century French church. It is not exactly an unfamiliar theme, these days, but the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors panicked, and as a result a standards committee was created "to avoid," in the words of a county board spokesman, "future presentations of such controversial selections." However, the flurry died down, *The Devils* went on, and the standards committee was forgotten.

As a matter of fact, the entire complex was doing very well indeed. The Music Center rests upon an eight-level, 6,000-car subterranean parking structure, and its two restaurants, coffee shop and six bars are all open all day long. Patrons flock to these oases from over the vast civic center area.

Everyone, then, was happy: artists, public and entrepreneurs. Among the happiest should have been that same five-man County Board of Supervisors. For it happens that the entire Music Center occupies land "donated" by the county, and the Taper and Ahmanson Theatres, although built entirely with private money, were on completion deeded over to the county, as was the Pavilion. Which makes the county landlord—through its arm's-length adjunct, the Music Center Operating Company—of a vast and highly lucrative operation. (The operating company collects the healthy rents and handles maintenance; and since it is officially "non-profit," all profits are promptly turned over to county coffers.)

But apparently the county supervisors weren't quite happy enough, because in the Center Theatre Group's second year, these five elected county officials, under

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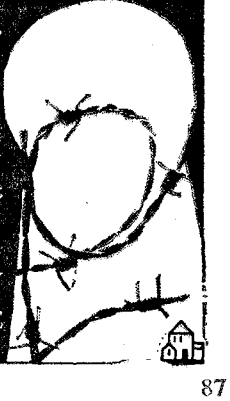
THE DEATH OF PRIVACY
By Jerry M. Rosenberg $6.95 RANDOM HOUSE



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a statute which permits them to tax their own buildings, levied a 10 per cent tax against the gross profits of the three Music Center structures. Never, in budget or nightmare, had the resident companies contemplated such a drain.

At best, and always, regional theatre is financially marginal. Constant struggle for survival and growth is waged against community inertia, relentless rise of costs, and the specter of box-office flop. How, then, can a regional theatre cope not merely with these expected pressures (and Establishment censorship) but also with a landlord who skims the cream off the top? The Center Theatre Group threads a tricky course.

Los Angeles is a complicated theatre town. Distances are great: even when a show is a huge success, there are no sudden box-office lines as on Broadway; it's too far to drive. So subscription must be the heart of the business. But the city is highly fluid: each year 25 per cent of subscribers move out of the community, the highest figure in the nation. Whole mailing lists are dead after two years. Still, the Ahmanson boasts, at 51,000, the largest regional subscription in the nation; the Taper is 85 per cent subscribed. And plays run for six weeks as compared for instance to two weeks in San Francisco, or one in Cleveland. "By these standards," says a CTG spokesman, "the Los Angeles community is supporting us beautifully."

The critical factor is the 10 per cent tax. Until this season, despite hazards usual and unusual, the Center Theatre Group was on budget. Now, the Center Group is not even in a competing position with other theatres in town; it pays a tax the others don't. Inevitably, artistic quality must be affected: expenditures cut, design concepts limited, productions sparsened. The large Ahmanson will have to forgo new work and limit itself to sure-fire hits. Even so, there is a limit to penny pinching. Scenery, for example, costs a certain basic amount; so do actors and technicians. The costs continue to rise. There is now a deficit, and it is increasing.

Through this economic maze, the Center Theatre Group manages to do excellent, imaginative work. There is a New Theatre For Now program at the Taper, a special series in addition to the Taper's main season. Inaugurated to "give new playwrights some modest production," and backed by a small Rockefeller grant, New Theatre has so far presented twenty-eight plays by twenty-six playwrights. A number of these works have gone on to other life, to Broadway, film, television. Each year the program has been expanded, and there is still more demand than seats. Large audiences with a sense of adventure, are willing to chance unknown works of unknown writers.

A Taper production this spring was *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search For God*, adapted by Christopher Isherwood from Shaw's novella, and one of two works commissioned by Taper artistic director Gordon Davidson. "*Black Girl*," says Davidson, "has reached out in a very special way . . . because as soon as you put a black person in a white situation, 1969, you have a whole other thing. A considerable black audience has come, and that's a growth. And we've used the play as a post-performance discussion-catalyst with audiences. I think creating a style means making your own plays. Brecht did. Molière did his own plays with his own company. Martha Graham has a style because she doesn't do anyone else's material, she does her own. That, ultimately, is the mark of a real theatre, and that's what we have to do."

Davidson's drive is to "develop a style and a way of working that has vitality and meaning for this stage and this community. To make a theatre, not just put on plays. But it takes time. . . . We're just beginning to discover the full use of this stage, its possibilities. . . ."

Has censorship by the standards committee been a real problem? Replies Davidson, "Not the standards committee. No. They're responsible members of the community, and have generally approved of the work done. But the fact that one lives in county-owned property, in a big Establishment situation, is a problem. I mean . . . yes, I edit plays. I don't do every play that interests me. It's an implicit pressure. For instance, I couldn't have done *Hair*. Sure, that's frustrating, simply because any creative person wants not to have to edit in that way."

Elliot Martin, overall director of CTG and an independent producer in New York before coming West, speaks with deep concern: "How desperate is the situation? I'm not sure yet. Of course in the theatre we live on hopes and dreams. . . . But I think theatre is an investment each city should analyze very carefully. When Lincoln Center nearly went bankrupt, it stopped the summer film festival, and restaurant, taxicab, summer convention business all dropped. Action begets action, culture begets culture. And regional theatre needs all the help, from everybody, it can get. Not a drain. We'll have to see. . . ."

Will the Music Center and the Cen-

ACCIDENT

A hundred died
in traffic last weekend
among them a little girl
whom I often saw

skipping like a sparrow
or tagging like a kitten
after her father,
a widower,

whom I now observe
picking up her toys
off the lawn.
His eyes

are broken
headlights,
his forehead
a furrow of tire-tracks.

I hide from him.
I am ashamed
to be seen by him.
I sit in darkness

holding
with outstretched
invisible hands
those I love,

while one by one
the shining specks
of life
sink softly into the night.

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ter Theatre Group survive? With enormous enthusiasm, creativeness and a slightly frantic edge, the CTG people have accelerated their drive for growth and community support. An extensive program brings poetry and theatre to schools, teen centers, religious and community groups. Another program raises funds to bring poverty-level adults and children to the theatres. Press conferences are held for college and high school papers, high school workshops are run on the journalistic aspects of theatre production; the CTG's technical people go out to college theatre arts departments to discuss problems and answer questions. Performance level continues first-rate. But the money pressure imposed by the county supervisors may be greater than all the energy and imagination possible can defeat.

Meanwhile, Los Angeles' citizenry is almost totally unaware of the tax that may kill. No shrill of outrage has lifted. And the County Board of Supervisors seems never to have heard the tale of the golden goose.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

EREBUS. *By Robert Hunter. Grove Press. 255 pp. $5.95.*

Mr. Hunter, a young Canadian, writes with the enthusiastic desperation of the early Henry Miller. His witty, alienated 25-year-old narrator has selected a nightmare job in a Winnipeg slaughterhouse, and spends the rest of his time drinking, screwing, and despairing over his own life and the more spiritually wretched ones of assorted friends. There are other resemblances to Miller here: the energy, the depressed but funny slapstick humor, and the depiction of women as combination passive nuts/nymphomaniacs. Mr. Hunter has talent, but perhaps too much time has elapsed between the writing of his novel and its publication; his characters emerge as beat generation stereotypes, rendered square and ancient by the passage of a crucial few years. It is an irony that cultural lag is one of the bloodiest battle cries of young Canadian writers, for *Erebus* is a victim of exactly that.

WHO TOOK THE GOLD AWAY. *By John Leggett. Random House. 468 pp. $6.95.*

This solemn, thoughtful, and finally ridiculous novel asks us to ponder the fact that values among the privileged at Yale in 1938 just don't seem to hold up in the hurly-burly of the American sixties. Mr. Leggett's two main characters, one rich and one poor, are intended to provide a study in contrast as they move from Yale, Newport and youth to Cambridge, marriage and Washington over a couple of decades. The author's John O'Hara-like concerns are embarrassing. (What are the responsibilities of having money? With what tragedies are people who have money faced? What is integrity in business and personal relationships?) This well-meant but ugly novel equates the failure to achieve money and status with spiritual disaster.

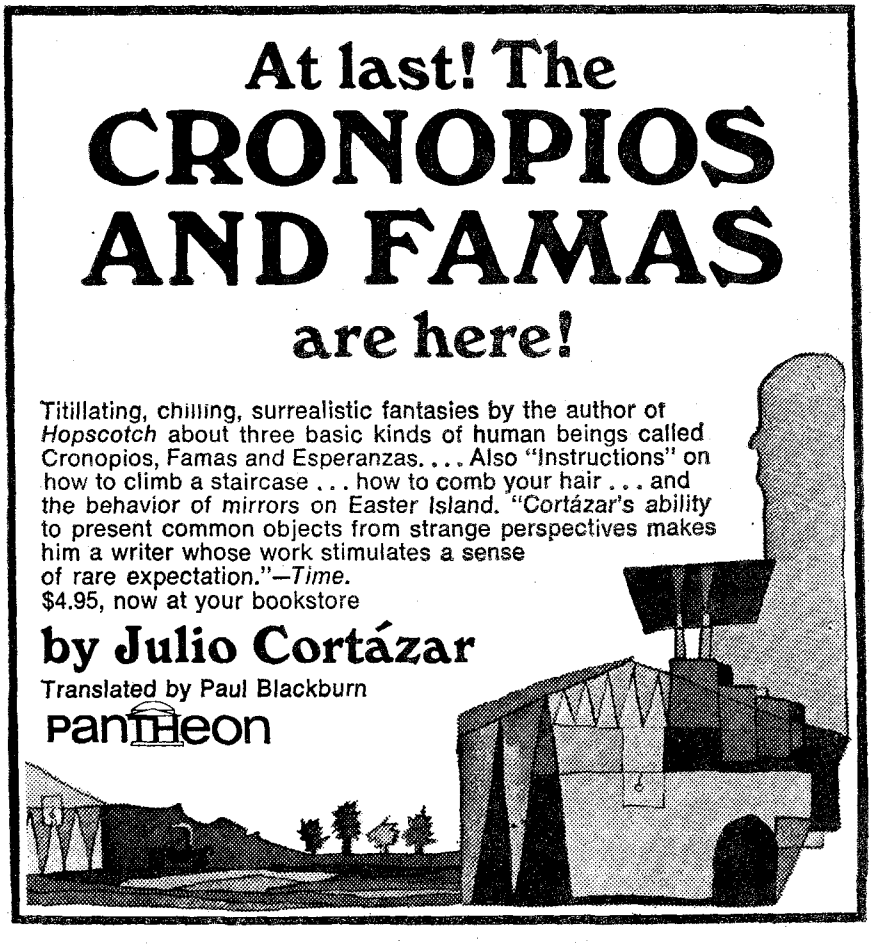
ELISE or The Real Life. *By Claire Etcherelli. Translated from the French by June P. Wilson and Walter Benn Michaels. William Morrow & Co. 286 pp. $5.95.*

Elise, a working-class girl from the provinces, comes to Paris in 1957 in search of "the real life." In fascinating detail, the first-person narrative records her daily life as a worker in the Citroën plant, her doomed love affair with an Algerian fellow worker, and her understanding—too late—that there is no middle ground between justice and oppression. Elise's voice—personal, direct, absolutely unsparing in the cumulative barrage of accusation against herself and the society she failed to act against—makes this a memorable and important work of fiction. And Mlle. Etcherelli's deadpan, emotionless descriptions of what it was like to be Algerian in Paris in 1957 are unforgettable.

NIGHT WATCH. *By Stephen Koch. Harper & Row. 212 pp. $5.95.*

Night Watch is an intentionally frozen, Robbe-Grillet-ish account of the events, mostly sexual, which culminate in incest between a teen-aged brother and sister. Mr. Koch's sex scenes are absorbingly clinical, but there is something about this ominous, brutal novel that makes one want to laugh as its rich, tormented siblings move inexorably toward their fated coupling. For all the care and skill which have gone into its construction, the novel depends entirely on the promise and delivery of the incest to gain its effects. Unless one has a suitably creepy emotional response to the idea ("Forbidden!"), the novel is a not very interesting exercise.

THE TIMID ADVENTURES OF A WINDOW WASHER. *By Georges Michel. Translated from the French by*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PANTHEON

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Helen Weaver. Doubleday & Co. 192 pp. $4.95.

The publisher aptly compares the hero of this very funny and very sad novel with the early Chaplin. Gugusse, a French window washer, is pretty dumb, but he is not too dumb to know that there is something insane about a society in which he's unbearably lonely, abused by his employers, completely ignored by almost all of his fellow citizens, beaten up at a demonstration, and incessantly conned into believing that it would all be different if he had more money to buy more goods. I hope M. Michel's novel is widely read here; he's original, daring, and always directly on target. Helen Weaver's translation of the book is excellent.

EAGLE IN THE AIR. *By Rose Robinson. Crown Publishers. 159 pp. $4.95.*

People who enjoy Sidney Poitier films will admire this brief and often touching story by a new young black writer. Its heroine, a black girl hitchhiking to San Francisco after some sad encounters with her boy friend and her family, is badly abused and almost raped before her journey with two white hicks shows her that life isn't all bitterness, and whites not all uniformly hateful. Although its silver-lining ethos places it dangerously close to standard commercial fiction, Miss Robinson has a tough, open style that makes one hope another, more substantial novel is in the works.

LONG TIME COMING AND A LONG TIME GONE. *By Richard Fariña. Random House. 271 pp. $4.95.*

This posthumous miscellany of stories, poems, essays and song lyrics by the talented author of *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me* is a disappointing memorial. Most of the stories and essays are either disturbingly dated or imitative, and the poems are pretty ordinary. Joan Baez's superhonest introduction to her brother-in-law's work ends up (unintentionally?) holier-than-thou, and Mimi Fariña's breathy introductory remarks about the respective selections, which might have been deeply moving to a friend, are gooey in print. Publishers' avidity to the contrary, there are still some things which shouldn't be made into books.

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW

Vol. XIII, No. 3 Summer 1969

HARRY BERGER, JR.
Leonardo da Vinci:
The Influence of World View on Artistic Style

HEINZ POLITZER
Franz Kafka's Completed Novel:
His Letters to Felice Bauer

GEORGES J. JOYAUX
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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The theatre "capital" of my recent one-month excursion to Europe was Bucharest.

In Budapest where I attended a conference of the International Theatre Institute—"The Theatre as Companion of Man," about which I shall speak further on—I was distressed to find the theatre laggard as compared to other cities in Eastern Europe. This may be too hasty a judgment as I was informed by some of my Hungarian colleagues that the better productions—one for instance of Gorky's *Lower Depths*—were not to be seen when the ITI affair was in session. What I saw were rather dull versions of Hungary's "classics" on heroic subjects occasionally redeemed by effective décor.

The big Budapest hits were *Hello, Dolly* and *My Fair Lady*. Noticeable too were revivals of old-time Molnar and Lengyel comedies, recalling a way of life that is gone for good. There are able actors on the Hungarian stage who work very hard to earn a living commensurate with their station as honored artists. To compensate for her meager pay, one prominent actress was playing the lead in *Hello, Dolly* at one theatre, *Electra* at another and a movie star at a third —all in one week.

In a play called *The Family Tot*, a presumably superior contemporary Hungarian play, said to be a lampoon of the Soviet mentality camouflaged under the mask of an absurdist parable, I saw an actor who the next night at another theatre was in Molnar's *The Play's the Thing*. Many of the actors add to their earnings by undertaking roles in pictures while playing on the stage in the evening.

The Bucharest stage—along with that of Prague—is the liveliest in the Balkan countries. There were no signs of Socialist realism, and there was something "experimental" or adventurous in almost every performance I attended. Literalness or strict fidelity to the texts as the authors may have conceived them seem to be consciously shunned, as if dependence on the play script were a sign of mediocrity or banality. The intention seemed to be somehow to *contradict* the dramatist. Everyone strains for originality. The results were nearly always stimulating even when they failed to be altogether convincing.

The most satisfying of these productions was the least pretentious. It was a production of *Carnival Scenes*, a play written in 1885 by I. L. Caragile, a dramatist highly regarded in Romania. The production, tumultuously and hilariously inventive in the wildest sort of *commedia dell'arte* tradition, is a triumph of gaiety and malice. Where the author was, I am sure, poking gentle fun at local manners, the young and brilliant director, Lucian Pintele, turned the play into extravagantly physical farce in which the scrubby fun of the old days was mercilessly exposed in raffish riot. The acting was superb.

The same director has produced *The Cherry Orchard* in a mode which would bewilder its author and must horrify those Russians who see it today. However, it pleases the Romanians, who have never been particularly enamored of Chekhov. Chekhov considered his play a comedy; Pintele's production verges on farce. The characters are kidded; pathos is almost entirely absent. The atmosphere is bright, sight gags abound, there are quasi-cinematic effects. The achievement here, the actor-director-producer, Liuiu Ciulei, told me, was to make Chekhov popular for the first time in Romania.

Ciulei plays Danton in his own production of Büchner's *Danton's Death*. It is scenically so complex a production that it was rehearsed for five months, of which five weeks were devoted to dress rehearsals alone. The most gratifying aspect of this occasion was its detail of characterization. It developed an individual life for each member of the large cast down to the last supernumerary, and there was a wonderfully truthful interplay in the entire company.

The most original production of all was that of *Rameau's Nephew*, a philo-

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sophic dialogue by Diderot which was never intended for the theatre as it is wholly devoid of what is commonly called "action." But it is all action and a visual feast in the amazing staging by David Essig. It employs a battery of man-sized mirrors constantly turned to different angles so that the two speaking characters become multiple images representing many more figures than occupy the stage: they constitute a whole environment, a society. The man who plays Diderot's interlocutor, the no-account, "bohemian" iconoclast who is Rameau's putative nephew, is an extraordinary young actor of fabulous verve, Gheorghie Damisca, who also plays Robespierre in *Danton's Death*. What makes this production important as well as memorable beyond the fascination of its setting and the graphic power of its acting is that it demonstrates how purely intellectual material can be translated into vivid theatre.

Ionesco too is played with fierce energy and considerable ingenuity. A very young director, André Serban, has made a colorfully handsome spectacle of Brecht's *Good Woman of Setzuan* with an excellent student company from the provinces. Serban has taken liberties with the text and has made the play much more of a vociferous social protest than Brecht intended his largely ironical play to be. But even the Belgian Ghelderode, a dramatist who was something of a "maniac" (a creator of enormous seminal imagination), would have been astonished by what another director has done with *Escorial* in which the play's two characters, a king and his jester, are just seen hanging together on the two hooks of what looks like a large anchor. This play, the director explains, demonstrates that the end of the quest for power is always murder.

One of the most highly regarded among the new plays is *Jonah*, a monodrama in which that personage is immured in the whale's belly. He is never delivered from it: instead he commits suicide. As there was no translation available for me to read I could only surmise that the play reveals the influence of Beckett. No such play could be produced today in the Soviet Union.

Two characteristics were especially evident to me in all these productions. They sought and displayed unusually scenic devices of the most modern (eye-catching) design—always in fantastic departures from realism. Indeed the concern for startling settings almost constitutes a vice, but as they are fleshed by lusty acting there is no real cause for complaint. One manifestation of the robustness in the acting is the continuous vocal forte in virtually every production.

The actors' voices are thoroughly trained as well as strong, so once again I cannot say that I was particularly disturbed by the bellowing. Still I wondered why it was so prevalent. Was it exultation at the freedom the theatre permitted (all the theatres are state supported), or a means of shouting some sort of protest or a cry for liberation (against what and whom?), or was this only an expression of ebullience, enthusiasm, a glorified battle cry? Theatre folk in Bucharest all look satisfied, confident, happy as almost nowhere else in Europe.

I have already referred to the Budapest ITI conference. There was another and more engaging one in Bucharest that was supposed to deal with the training of new directors. Certain significant tendencies declared themselves at both these occasions. The Russians and those who echo them—the Russians themselves said little—emphasized the theatre's function to serve as the "companion of man," by which they meant that drama must be affirmative, encouraging, optimistic. When I interjected that this was all very fine but that I wished the talk would turn to the nature and definition of good and bad plays and that furthermore certain "pessimistic" plays possessed more vitality than some of the "optimistic" ones I had seen in the Soviet Union, a Bulgarian delegate took offense at what she believed was my inference that good plays were written only in the capitalist countries.

Again in Bucharest a Polish critic took exception to what he called my "pragmatism" because I insisted that specific values be discussed rather than ideologic generalities. The lack of "philosophy," the Pole insinuated, explained why the American theatre was so impoverished. I responded that what we needed in the American theatre is not so much a "philosophy" as economic and organizational means to break through the show-biz bottleneck.

Then Charles Marowitz, an American director active in London, chimed in with the thought that the *new* theatre was totally unlike the theatre both the Polish critic and I had been talking about, for we were both speaking of a theatre that took for granted a reality which no longer existed. The "new" men—and he cited John Cage in this regard—were bent on exploiting the ambiguity or chaos of present circumstances, in making a theatre of permanent revolution, in other words "happenings." Happenings do not intend to represent anything but to foment reaction.

I was tempted to rejoin that some of these latter-day theatre aesthetes made me imagine a person espousing a new school of architecture which consisted entirely in the destruction of all existing

"One of the ugliest clouds overhanging America."
—David E. Lilienthal

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buildings. One thing did become clear in the prattle that followed on the validity of happenings: there now is a breach (in theory at least) between those who want to "theatricalize" the theatre by doing away with the pre-eminence of its literary sources and those who resist resolving the problem in such negative terms. This debate also struck me as much too abstract to lead to practical clarity. There is more sociological meaning in it (apart from a certain taint of personal pushiness) than artistic relevance. The proof of the puffing will always remain the product in public view.

Those who find literary texts (especially the "classics") stultifying often set up a great clamor in the name of Artaud, whom they barely understand, and talk about "total theatre," "the theatre of cruelty" and the like; or they give themselves up body and soul to the new Magus, the Polish director, Grotowski, whose work they still know only superficially. Courses on Grotowski's methods are already being given in English schools and theses written about it by Americans for academic honors. I saw students in Amsterdam make hash of a Ghelderode play produced "à la Grotowski," in which I was assured they had no real interest.

If the master is inappositely quoted, imitated, falsified, it is certainly not his fault. I look forward to seeing his productions, some of which will be given in New York in September, and I shall not be prejudiced by what has previously been said, done or written by the hordes of his ready-made epigoni. Everyone knows that Marx was no "Marxist," Freud no "Freudian" and Stanislavsky no "Methodist." Even Brecht finally exclaimed, "To hell with my theories!"

THE POOR MAN MOVES THROUGH WASHINGTON, D.C.: SPRING 1968

"But now on that hill whose mass is hung as a wave behind us. . . . It is not going to be easy to look into their eyes."
James Agee, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*

This afternoon he is walking
down the city's sunlight,
his vision shaded by the scar tissue
above his heart. And he is bringing
a load of firewood in his arms.
These are the different logs of his rage.
The identical bones of his children.
The days that have stayed there
in his hands,
wanting the ashes of evening.
The White House gleams before him
ringed with clean National Guard rifles
that fire votes.
Against these the poor man owns
one pile of belongings,
swelling beneath their cord . . .
Pulled from the abandoned slum
of his fathers body.
They are penetrated only by the insects.

EUGENE RUGGLES

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Whereas a great deal of the graphic art produced in Paris between the wars was aimed to preserve the artist's autographic touch, as fleshy and nuanced as possible, the present boom in American graphics allows for greater play with mechanical reproductive processes. Jasper Johns's graphics, seen lately at Castelli, are a kind of research into co-expressibility, a play with crossovers of imagery between the different channels of painting and printing. Roy Lichtenstein's lithographs of Monet's "Rouen Cathedral and Haystacks" (Castelli Graphics) consist of six versions of Rouen Cathedral and seven versions of the double haystacks. Monet showed twenty versions of the cathedral in 1895, all from the same point of view, but each painting a unique episode, an unrepeatable record. Although Lichtenstein shows only six versions, they have a potential for continuation and repetition, because he used a technique of overlap, that connotes machine reproduction rather than uniqueness of experience. Lichtenstein handles architectural form better than loose or casual forms like the plumped-down haystacks, so it is the cathedral façades that I shall pursue here, as more congenial to his formal sense.

The multiple coruscation of Monet's colors are reduced to a combination of two or three one-color screens, the regularly perforated grids of which produce a dazzle effect derived from Lichtenstein's Op Art landscapes of four years ago. A blue-red combination makes the façade jump like a rippling flag, a blue-black combination is dense and secretive, a yellow-black pairing hammers at the retina, and a pure yellow image is as sweetly staccato as a shower of petals. The dots are large, as firm and clear as drops of mercury, and smaller starlike forms appear where superimposed screens overlap. The dots clot and coagulate (without any linear framework to brace them) into zigzagging interstices that set up equivocal readings. We have, as it were, choices of space location in reading the image. Sometimes the façade of the cathedral appears behind the screen of color dots, sometimes it is locked within the lattice, and sometimes it is a mirage in front of the screen.

This is not the first time that Lichtenstein has borrowed the work of another artist. As early as 1962, before people were used to his comic-strip images, he applied his technique of black contours, flat colors, and areas dotted to simulate Benday screens to subjects derived from fine art. His first were a Picasso seated woman and a Cézanne portrait of his wife. Since "Picasso has become a kind of popular object," Lichtenstein remarked, why not paint one of his works as subject matter, which he did. When he painted Mondrian as a grainy reproduction in 1964 he brought out the period look of the geometry in a way that contributed to the subject of his own subsequent Art Déco paintings, in which a style rather than one artist was the subject.

"When I do a 'Mondrian' or a 'Picasso' it has, I think, a sort of sharpening effect because I'm trying to make a commercialized Picasso or Mondrian." The impulse to "switch" (a word Lichtenstein used in conversation with Alan Soloman) the work of Monet to a commercial technique is more complex, because at least the other artists are linear to start with (the Cézanne was mediated by a compositional diagram). Lichtenstein's intentions apropos Monet can be clarified by an observation he made in

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an interview with John Coplans: "There is something humorous about doing a sunset in a solidified way, especially the rays, because a sunset has little or no specific form." And there is something "humorous" in switching Monet's painting to a flat, hard, systematic graphic technique. (Lichtenstein has also done paintings after Monet, but with the same graphic technique of overlays.) Monet's subject was not only the west front of Rouen cathedral but its appearances at different times of day and perceived with different emotional stresses. The sensuous and the momentary are quantified by Lichtenstein as a Morse code of color separations.

I don't want to get into one of those dutiful apologies for tough words bruising tender pictures, but one difficulty of art criticism should be mentioned here. It is possible to project too much art history onto contemporary artists, overlooking the fact that the knowledge of artists does not necessarily square with that of critics and historians. Nevertheless, Lichtenstein's *hardening* of Monet does have a historical precedent. The Haystack series influenced Mondrian to do a haystack series of his own around 1908. A little later Mondrian developed a plus-and-minus form of drawing derived from the west front of a church in Paris. This form of notation, in which systematic small points serve as a code, are in the background of Lichtenstein's own use of dots. (In a way these lithographs are like a neo-Impressionist revision of Monet, done not by Seurat but by Signac with his large and blunt version of Seurat's pointillism.) Thus Lichtenstein, after imitating Mondrian, has gone back through him to Monet, or so it seems. The sequence is not in the least esoteric or theoretical, as both Mondrian's early work and Monet's series-paintings have become very familiar in recent years. The subjects have the congenial currency of clichés, which would make them available to an artist without his becoming a graduate student.

Lichtenstein has a firm design sense, usually rather traditionally employed, with a reliance on graded checks and balances, and his forms are usually stable in relation to the edge of the picture area. However, the function of allusion in these firmly composed works is not so settled; in fact, a radical notion of cliché as subject matter is proposed. Lichtenstein has declared that by selecting existing subjects to paint, he is freed from having to invent them (a stand he shares with abstract painters, who repeat single images in series to escape the drama of invention). His work is nonabstract without being realist. By choosing unknowing collaborators, to whom he leaves the chore of invention, Lichtenstein frees himself to *switch* a comic strip by an anonymous or unknown artist into a fine art content, or a work of art that belongs in one system of values to another set. Thus at the heart of the picture, where we expect the property called *meaning*, the work's humanistic validation, Lichtenstein places a problem of conversion. In this slightly demoralizing collaboration, the dimension of cliché claims the status of meaning. Actually, Lichtenstein's act of switching is his equivalent of the act of invention, but his annexing of existing sign-systems has a malicious ambiguity that his formal neatness deceptively shields.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The musico-theatrical opportunism evident in Krzysztof Penderecki's first opera, *The Devils of Loudon* (given its première on June 20 at the Hamburg State Opera), was not exactly a surprise in the light of his previous works, notably the *St. Luke Passion* (well performed last season in New York by the Minnesota Symphony; recorded on Victrola VICS-6015) and the *Dies Irae* (on Philips PHS 900-184). The recent vogue for this exceedingly primitive music may be seen as one possible consequence of an ill-informed listening public, as could the fad for Carl Orff in the 1950s. The latter's *Carmina Burana* adapted the rhythmic procedures of Stravinsky's *Les Noces* to an easily acceptable harmonic context, with vast success among an audience then hardly acquainted with the original source.

Penderecki's means are, of course, different (for one thing, meter is out of fashion nowadays), but the principle is related. Using an amalgam of tone-cluster harmonies and flashy instrumental sound effects, he conjures up a spectacular surface that is totally novel to the traditional oriented listener—although tone clusters have been around for decades, and most of the textural effects can be traced back at least to the music Xenakis was writing more than ten years ago (at a time, incidentally, when the much younger Penderecki was writing music that clearly demonstrated the direct influence of Orff: see the *Psalms of David* recorded on Polish Muza XL 0260). The secret of success in this context—and the root of the objection—is not the eclecticism but rather the superficial, nonstructural use of the borrowed techniques: the "novelty" is used only in a trivial way, no demands are made on the listener, and much less resistance encountered than is normally the case with "advanced" contemporary music.

Thus, in the *St. Luke Passion*, the harmonic basis of much of the piece consists of a series of progressions from a single note to a cluster of all twelve tones, a tightening of the screw from repose to maximum dissonance, and the only large-scale movement is the progress from one to another of those single notes, ending with a Great Big common chord of G major that has all of the associations, if none of the functions, of a point of arrival. Similarly, the instrumental and choral devices operate purely as sound effects for narrative illustrations and—frequently—shock value. Add to

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this the friendly associations of Gregorian chant, and you have sure-fire "modern music for people who hate modern music" (it is also probably true that Penderecki's position as a Catholic composer from a Communist country tends to predispose audiences in his favor).

The new opera, interestingly enough, found little favor with the Hamburg audience and press, but I would be hard put to apportion this response among the various possibilities: local opposition to Rolf Liebermann's directorship, the theatrical ineptitudes of the work, and growing awareness of the insubstantiality of this particular emperor's "new" clothes (the reception at Stuttgart, a few nights later, is said to have been more favorable). The composer made his own libretto from John Whiting's dramatic adaptation of Aldous Huxley's book; for the most part, it is simply a crude abridgement, with a few characteristic additions: extended passages of liturgical Latin, and elaborations of the Grand-Guignol aspects. What is left, pretty well stripped of its political overtones and many of its narrative points, is a bare tale of sexually motivated diabolism, pivoting around a series of ever more elaborate possession scenes (rather reminiscent of the traditional structure of pornographic novels, in which each orgy surpasses the previous one in quantity, variety and perversity).

Of course, the librettos of many successful operas have little more substance than this, but they compensate by the consistency, relevance and organization of their musical content. Much of *The Devils* follows Penderecki's well-worn paths, with sonic Grand-Guignol to match the visual (up to and including what I do not doubt is the first musical depiction ever of an enema). Backstage choruses scream, laugh, mutter, hum and even sing, while the orchestra alternates between long-held notes or clusters and dense clouds of quick notes; most of this made its obvious intended effect. The surest danger sign of the composer's basic unwillingness to come to terms with the problems of operatic composition, however, was the extensive reliance on spoken dialogue, even in crucial scenes, many of which are simply played straight over those interminable pedal notes and clusters, thus in no way relating to even the primitive musical ideas present elsewhere. It is true that nearly every word of the text could be easily understood—but if your only means of achieving this is to speak the text, why bother with music at all? Aside from the ululations of the possessed sisterhood, the only consistently profiled musical material was that allotted to the chemist and the surgeon, modeled with embarrassing directness on the doctor in *Wozzeck*.

The Hamburg staging was slick and professional, carefully underlining the work's sensationalism, adding a company of grotesque whores, dwarfs and idiots who cavorted obscenely about the stage between and during the scenes. From what I heard about rehearsal circumstances, it seems likely that many details of the score were not accurately realized —they are not in a number of the "official" Polish recordings of Penderecki's music, for that matter—but an examination of the score suggests that this cannot have mattered too much, given the considerable imprecision of compositional conception to begin with. (A recording was said to be in preparation, so doubtless this point can be verified at a later date.) Among the singers, Tatiana Troyanos as the Ursuline Prioress confirmed the exceptional impression she made during the New York visit of the Hamburg company in 1967. The conductor was Henryk Czyz.

The Devils was the major event in a season of contemporary opera presented in Hamburg in conjunction with the festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music (about which I hope to report in a later column). I was also able to hear another recent Hamburg commission, *Die Reise* by the Swedish composer Lars Johan Werle. Its trite, densely symbolic plot—the futility of modern life, the eternal triangle, man's need for a quest or cause—is expressed in an endlessly repetitive series of epistolary flashbacks, and the music relies far too heavily on pastiche and montage effects. Nevertheless, for the first third of the evening, *Die Reise* was a skillfully paced amalgam of traditional and modern orchestral clichés, contemporary pop sound, and taped *concrète material*, enormously enhanced by the stage design of Josef Svoboda, whose virtuosity with multiple film and still projections should be put to use by one of the New York opera companies (in the unlikely event that they should undertake an appropriate contemporary work). Unfortunately, Werle eventually bogged down in an overextended parody episode and never recovered even the superficial theatrical flair of the opening scenes, let alone a really convincing musical continuity.

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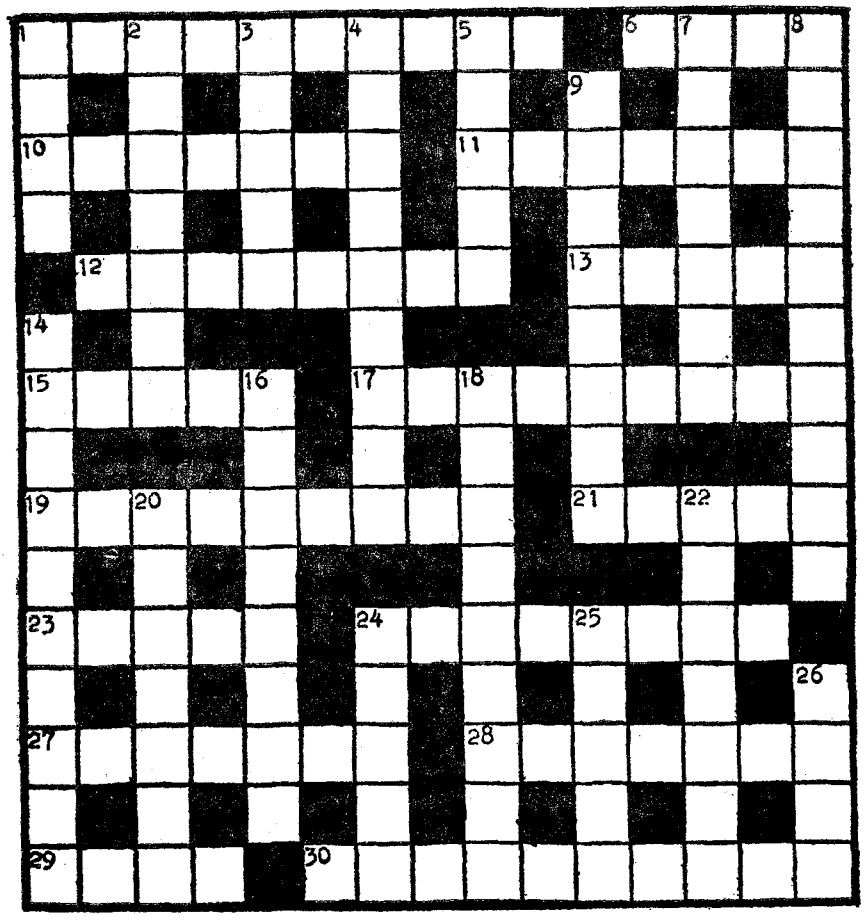
Crossword Puzzle No. 1307

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What some tourists look up to, suggestive of "Fiddler on the Roof"? (10)
6 and 1 down It might indicate how to take off and roll up the hose. (4,4)
10 What Baum's lion didn't have of yours and mine inside his bars. (7)
11 Stand for just about anything? (7)
12 The disorderly type gain a Nilotic example, perhaps. (8)
13 One might take it on board ship, but not when associated with the log. (5)
15 It has fragrant rootstock. (5)
17 Such cotton is not found around the eye.
19 Estimated to be a very quiet sign erected. (9)
21 Only a vegetable comes back to oppose by contrary proof! (5)
23 See 5 down
24 One should look out for a horologist. (8)
27 At least it's close to the funny bone! (7)
28 Point to a returned article on grammatical form—the garden variety, perhaps.
29 Complete absence of a person being in order, one hears. (4)
30 They don't see things so good! (10)

DOWN

1 See 6 across
2 It's impossible to get it, though you might look. (7)
3 Commonly the best bite. (5)
4 The Red, perhaps, in a person's makeup, shows what most of you readers are! (9)
5 and 23 across The mysterious character of Dickens. (5,5)
7 Descriptive of the strife of crowds? (7)
8 Might be roasted, not necessarily charged, and perhaps set to go off. (10)
9 Type of current automobile; stick around for the game! (8)
14 Occasionally a form of present and past. (3,3,4)
16 and 22 down Commonly established essentials for some safaris, but they should hold their colors well. (8,7)
18 Ties saved by those that lower functional activity. (9)
20 How to hold up a person—one the stage coach might rely on. (4,3)
22 See 16 down
24 How to ruin a stew, and make it worthless? (5)
25 One that might be pursued in the game with a number of quarters, but not for the men. (5)
26 Girl who might raise something joined with 6. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1306

ACROSS: 1 Hand-in-glove; 9 Play down; 10 Volley; 11 Vacuums; 12 Protect; 14 Astern; 15 Antiphon; 17 Material; 20 Heeled; 22 Insight; 24 Snagged; 26 Balsam; 27 Aromatic; 28 Standoffish. DOWN: 2 As you were; 3 Doorman; 5 Leveret; 6 Valet; 7 Pleats; 8 Reecho; 16 Pier glass; 18 Annual; 19 Inhuman; 20 Hand off; 21 Emetic; 23 Inset; 25, 4 and 13 Cat-o-nine-tails.

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